XXXII.C.33

XXXIIC 33. 1—22

1 In Infancy our hopes & fears, from the opera Artaxerxes by Dr Arne
2 Adieu, adieu " " " " " " "
3 If o'er the cruel Tyrant Love " " " " " " "
4 monster away " " " " " " "
5 Let not rage " " " " " " "
6 Soldier tired of wars alarms " " " " " " "
3 Water parted from the sea " " " " " " "
4 Conquest is not to bestow. from the oratorio Judith " " "
5 Marraton & Yaratilda by T. Attwood
6 Aurora by J. C. Bach
7 Palermo's Bell. by John Barnett
8 Is there a heart that never loved by Mr Braham
9 no danger, my love, is now near thee, duet by J. Addison
10 Oh my Love's like the red rose, Scotch Air
11 The Lamplighter by Mr Dibdin
12 The Cypress wreath, music by W. Hawes
13 Child of Earth with the golden Hair, by Charles E. Horn
14 Oh! not as in the days of old, by Joseph P. Knight
15 I wandered by the woodside, by Lewis H. Lavenu
16 I seek my shepherd gone astray, glee for 3 voices by J. Mazzinghi
17 Young Love from M. P. in a comic opera, by Thomas Moore
18 Coralie, Ballad. music by John Parry junior
19 Three Songs & one duett by E. Quilich
20 'Twas here the summer breeze waved by S. Janetta St. Leger
21 I could weep to hear thee sing, by Johann Schmidt
22 Wert thou a Rose, by Johann Schmidt

Aesse (15)

XXXII.C.33
1 – 22

"In infancy" (Artaxerxes)

(see the Mazurinski

2

2000071240 1
rcma 16697
D1985/1

In Infancy our hopes and fears,

as Sung by

MADAME VESTRIS,

at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

in the Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

Dr. ARNE.

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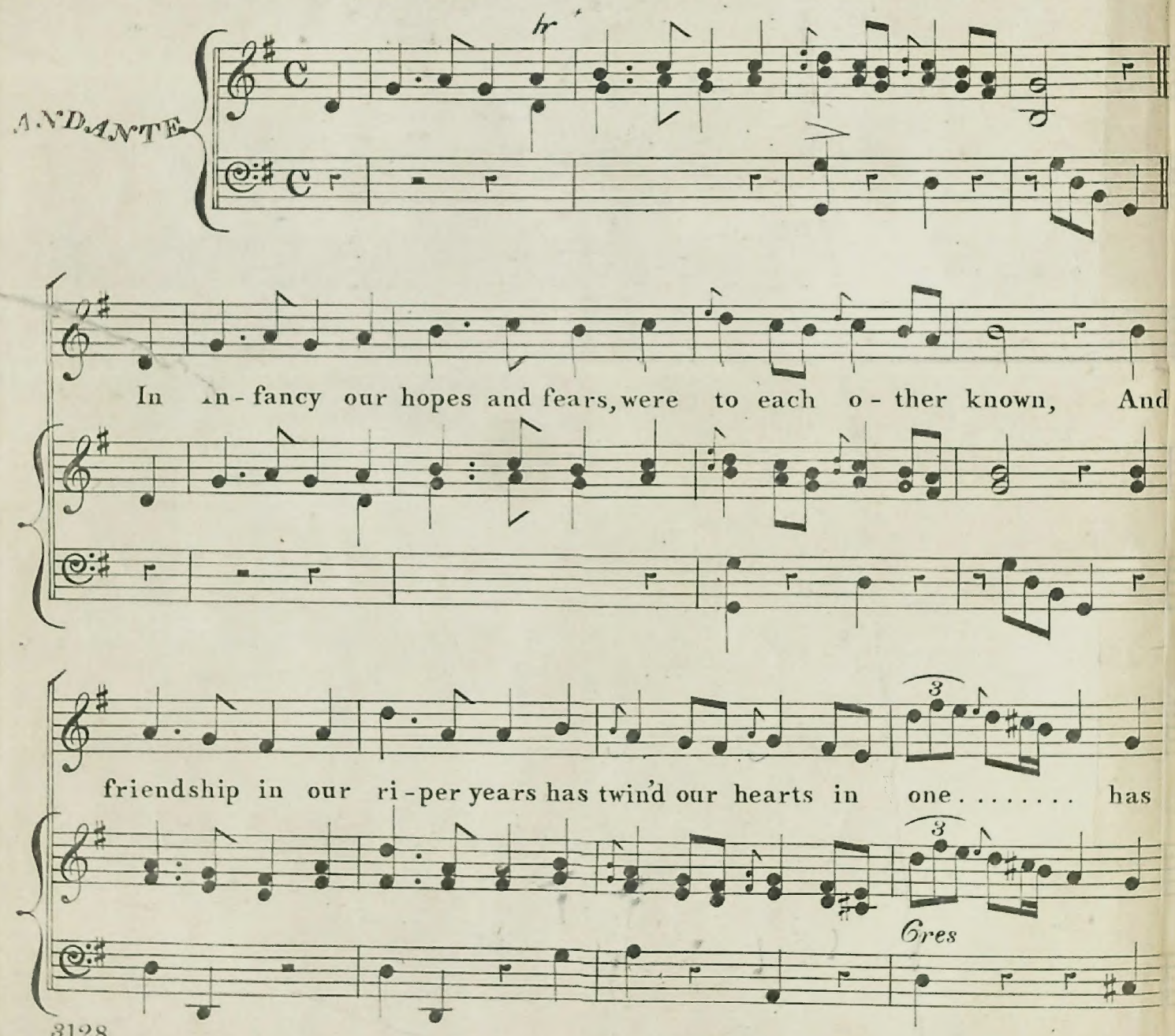

1st time 2d time

twin'd our hearts in one. one.

Oh clear him then from this of-fence thy love thy du-ty prove Re-

Ritard:

store him with that In-nocence which first in-spir'd my love..... which

Cres

1st time 2d time

first in-spir'd my love. love.

f

SONGS, &c. IN HEROLD'S OPERA,

THE CHALLENGE, OR LE PRÉ AUX CLERCS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE BY T. COOKE.

vely Lady mine	Song	Sung by Mr. Wilson	2	0
nes that time can never	Bravura	Miss Shirreff	2	6
e Home of my Childhood	Air	Ditto	2	0
pe's a Dream of Pleasure	Song	Miss Inverarity	2	0
Fools their fate deserving	Song	Mr. Philips	2	0
ne is flying	Air	Miss H. Cawse	2	6
ou art mine	Trio, Miss Shirreff, Miss Inverarity, & Mr. Wilson		2	6

SONGS, &c. IN AUBER'S BALLET OPERA

THE MAID OF CASHMERE, OR THE BAYADERE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

Why discontent? All happy be!	Air	Sung by Mr. Seguin	2	0
Charming Bayadère	Air	Mr. Seguin	2	0
Ah! ne'er for me	Air	Mr. Wood	2	0
Oh! this Heart palpitating	Trio, Miss Betts, Messrs. Wood & Seguin		2	0
Beats there a Heart	Ballad	Mr. Wood	2	0
Ne'er is the Cottager's Door	Song	Miss Betts	2	6
Ah! why too lovely Bayadères	Duet	Mr. Wood & Miss Betts	3	0
O happy Banks of Ganges	Duet	Mr. Wood & Miss Betts	2	6

SONGS, &c. IN MEYERBEER'S OPERA

ROBERT LE DIABLE,

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL DRURY-LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

ADAPTED FOR THE THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN, BY M. R. LACY,
AND FOR DRURY-LANE, BY H. R. BISHOP.

Fill high the generous Measure.	Introductory Chorus, 4 Voices		4	0
Oh! long ago in Normandy	Ballad	Raimbaud	2	6
"Go!" she sighed	Romance	Alice	2	6
Fortune! Queen of Joys o'erflowing	The Sicilienne & Gaming Song Robert		2	0
Still through the Hour	Air	Isabelle	2	0
bis. O bravest! ever dearest	Cavatina	Isabelle	2	0
Ah! kindly all my Woes regarding, & My Heart now joyously bounding	Duet	Robert and Isabelle	2	0
Sound Clarions, sound	Tournament Quartett, by 4 Heralds		1	6
Hark! the Trumpet	Air	Isabelle	2	0
. When I bade Normandy adieu	Air	Alice	2	0
l. Our Hero Knights who live in Story	Duet	Robert and Bertram	4	0
i. Ah! lovely Isabel	Air	Robert	2	0

SONGS, &c. IN AUBER'S OPERA

FRA DIAVOLO,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN,

ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE BY M. ROPHINO LACY.

ainly, alas! thou'dst sooth	Ballad	Mr. Wilson	2	0
don't object	Matrimonial Duet	Miss Cawse & Mr. Penson	2	0
n yonder rock, or Diavolo, Diavolo!	Barcarolle	Miss Romer	2	6
he Gondolier	Barcarolle	Mr. Braham	2	0
h! Hour of joy	Song	Miss Romer	2	0
Ditto a note lower (in F.)		Miss Romer	2	0
Young Agnes, or Love's Call	Serenade	Mr. Braham	2	0
But one day more	Looking-glass song and Prayer	Miss Romer	2	0
Proudly and wide my standard flies	Martial Air	Mr. Braham	2	0
'm thine, she oft would say	Song	Mr. Wilson	2	0
Vain are words	Duet		2	0

SONGS IN THE BEULAH SPA.

y the margin of fair Zurich's Waters		Sung by Madame Vestris	2	0
'll make him speak out		Ditto	2	0

SONGS IN THE WELSH GIRL.

Consisting entirely of Welsh Melodies.

t is not for gold		Sung by Madame Vestris	2	0
ist to me		Ditto	2	0
he Operetta complete (with the Overture)			6	0

SONGS, &c. BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

oundelay of the Spanish Mountaineers	Duet sung by Mrs. Bishop & Miss Masson		2	0
rom thy Shores, my loved Scotland	Song	Mrs. Wood	2	0
eaceful night	Air	Mr. Parry, Jun'	2	0
Ditto, in Score (Flute, Clarionet, Horn, and Piano-Forte)			2	0
riendship	Air		2	0
will think of Thee (dedicated to Meyerbeer)	Air	Mrs. H. R. Bishop	2	0
'he Eyes of my Love are as blue	Air	Mr. Templeton	2	0

JOHN BARNETT.

'lace the lamp in your casement to-night	The words by T. Haynes Bayly		2	0
Oh! for my native northern land	Song		2	0
adieu	Canzonet		2	0
'he Exile's Adieu to his country	Ditto		2	0
've been a Wand'rer on the Seas	Ballad sung by Mr. Parry, Jun'		2	0
ask not why the pallid Lily	Canzonet		2	0

G. A. HODSON.

Hark! I hear the Harem Bells	Ballad		2	0
My pretty Gazelle	Air		2	0
I've left them all for thee	Ballad		2	0
Feast of Love and Roses	Song	Sung by Mr. Templeton	2	0
He reached the Valley	Ballad	Mr. Perry, Jun.	2	0
List to my Mandoline	Song		2	0
My Mountain Home	Ballad		2	0
He never said he loved	Ballad (2d edition)		2	0
Annot Lyle	Ballad		2	0

ALEXANDER LEE.

Wilt thou be the Bride of a brave Bucanier	Words by T. Haynes Bayly		2	6
Far from the Home of my Childhood	Tyrolienne		2	0
Hark! 'tis the Waterfall	Sung by Mrs. Waylett	Words by T. Haynes Bayly	2	0

GEORGE LINLEY, ESQ.

Moonlight is sleeping o'er Tree and Tower	Sung by Mr. Wilson		2	
Farewell, my Lute	Ballad		2	
Lord Albert to the Tournay's gone	Romance		2	
The Chieftain's Daughter	Duet		2	
Dance with me	Song		2	

JOHN LODGE, ESQ.

Oh! do not say Farewell	Ballad		2	
They name thee before me	Canzonet, Poetry by Lord Byron		2	
Adieu my native shore	Ditto	Ditto	2	
'Tis sweet to hear at Midnight	Ditto	Ditto	2	

J. AUGUSTINE WADE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT, &c.

Hope and Memory	Ballad		2	
As the pale Flower	Cavatina		2	
The Bridal Death	Romance		2	
Then banish now the sorrow	Ballad sung by Mr. Wilson		2	
Song of the May Rose (from The Songs of the Flowers)			2	
Give me not Music in the glare of the day	Song		2	
Rose Leaves on a River	Ballad		2	
The Greenland Girl	Duet		2	
The Rose of Peace	Ballad		1	

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AUTHOR OF THE SEA, &c.

Speed, ye softly heaving billows	Air		2	
The Flower of Lindenthal	Ballad		2	
The Lark and the Nightingale	Song		2	

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Pure as a Flower in Summer Twilight closing	*Schlaf süsses Kind*	5.	2	
In the Merry Morn	*Das Heimlich*	4.	2	

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Bird at Sea	Song	Words by Mrs. Hemans J. Blockley	2	0
Chain (The)	Song	W. Neuland	2	0
Dark-eyed one	Ballad Sung by Made. Malibran	C. E. Horn	2	0
Lady mine	Ballad	Miss Mounsey	2	0
Lay of the Sailor's Bride, "Go! be still in battle first"	Song	John Thomson	2	0
Lovely Girl, introduced by Mr. Wilson in Cinderella		Donizetti	2	0
Memoirs of the past (The)	ditto	ditto	2	0
Mermaid's Cave	Song	C. E. Horn	2	0
My Children's home	Song	J. Blockley	2	0
My Harp of happier days	Ballad	S. Nelson	2	0
O Music! what magic thy Melody brings	Song	H. Smart	2	0
Oh! she is like the Snow-drop	Ballad	Mrs. Millard	2	0
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Reflected on the Lake (Lines on Hope, by Bishop Heber)		Beethoven	2	0
Rise from thy slumbers, my Lady fair	Serenade	J. Blockley	2	0
Sleep on! my Love	Ballad, sung by Mad. Stockhausen	C. Eulenstein	2	0
Song of other Days (The)	Ballad	Miss Bellchambers	2	0
They say that Hope is happiness	Canzonet	Lord Byron	J. Thompson, Esq.	2 0
This Lock of thy raven hair	Ballad	R. M. Hughes	2	0
When youth, Adèle, was ours	Song	T. Labarre	2	0

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Come dearest, come	Pastoral Duet	Auber	2	6
Come to me, my love	Duet. Air of Weber's last Waltz	Hodson	2	6
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Oh! Time is like a River	Duet	P. H. Bernard, Esq.	2	0
Our Hero Knights	Duet in Robert le Diable	Meyerbeer	2	0
Our native Homes in Distance die	Trio.	S. Nelson	2	0
Roundelay of the Spanish Mountaineers	Duet, sung by Mrs. Bishop and Miss Masson	H. R. Bishop	2	
Tis sweet at morn	Hunting Glee, 3 Voices	J. A. Wade, Esq.	2	
'Tis sweet to hear at midnight	4 Voices	John Lodge, Esq.	2	
The Prayer before Battle	Quartett	C. M. Von Weber	1	
Thou art mine	Trio, sung by Miss Shirreff, Miss Inverarity, and Mr. Wilson, in the Challenge		2	

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Adieu Adieu thou lovely Youth

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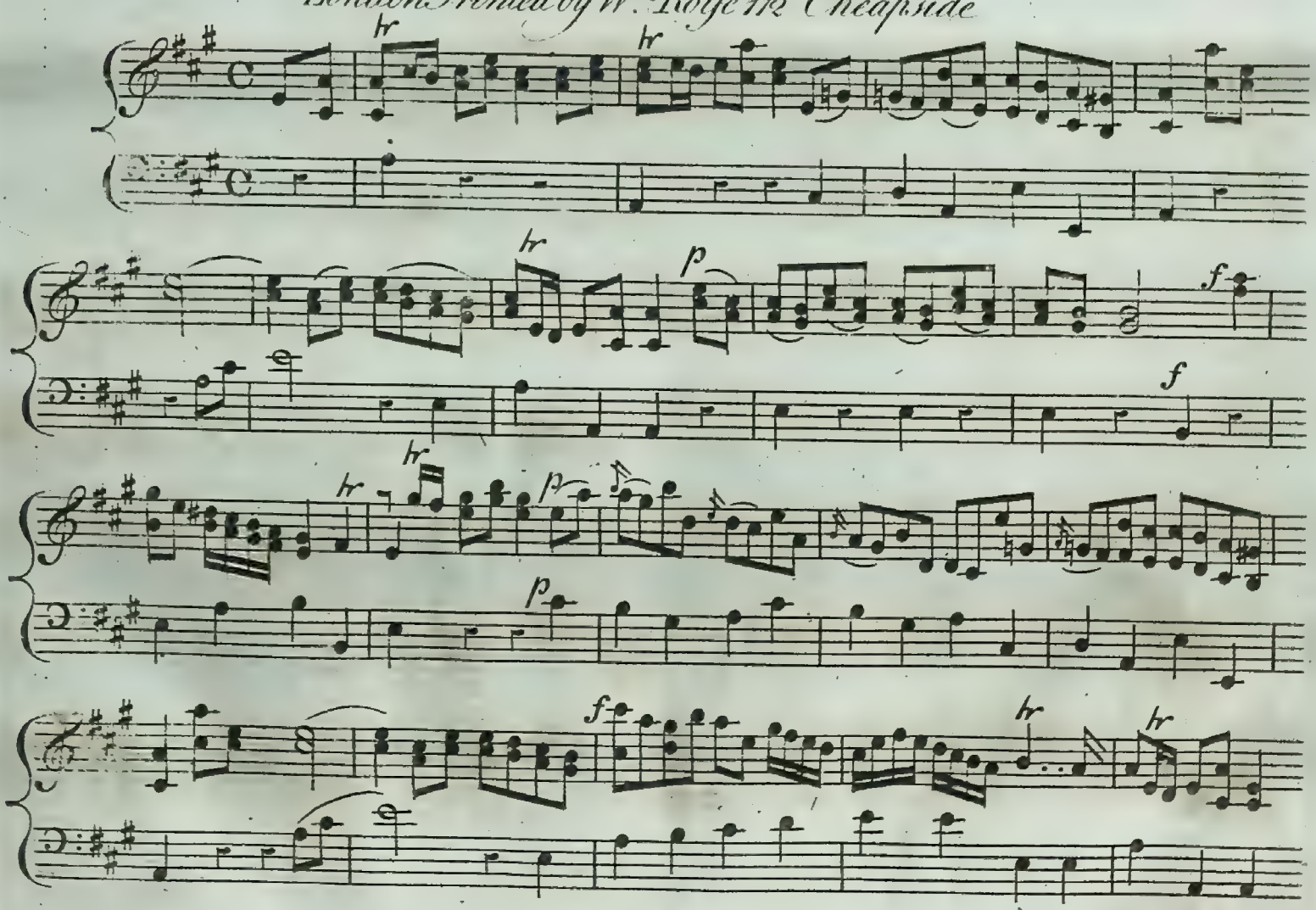

A - dieu a - dieu a - dieu thou love - ly youth let

hope thy fears re - move let hope - - - thy fears re - move Re -

- - serve thy faith and truth But ne - ver doubt my love never

doubt - never doubt -

- - never doubt my love never doubt - - - - - my love.

p *f*

A - dieu a - - dieu a -

- dieu thou love - ly youth Let hope thy fears re - move a - -

- dieu a - - dieu thou love - - - ly youth let

hope thy fears re - move re - serve thy faith and truth but

ne - - ver doubt my love ne-ver doubt - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - my love re - - serve - - - - - re -

- serve thy faith and truth but ne - - - ver doubt never doubt never

doubt my love a - dieu a dieu never doubt - - never doubt my

love - - - never doubt - - - my love.

If ever the Cruel Tyrant Love

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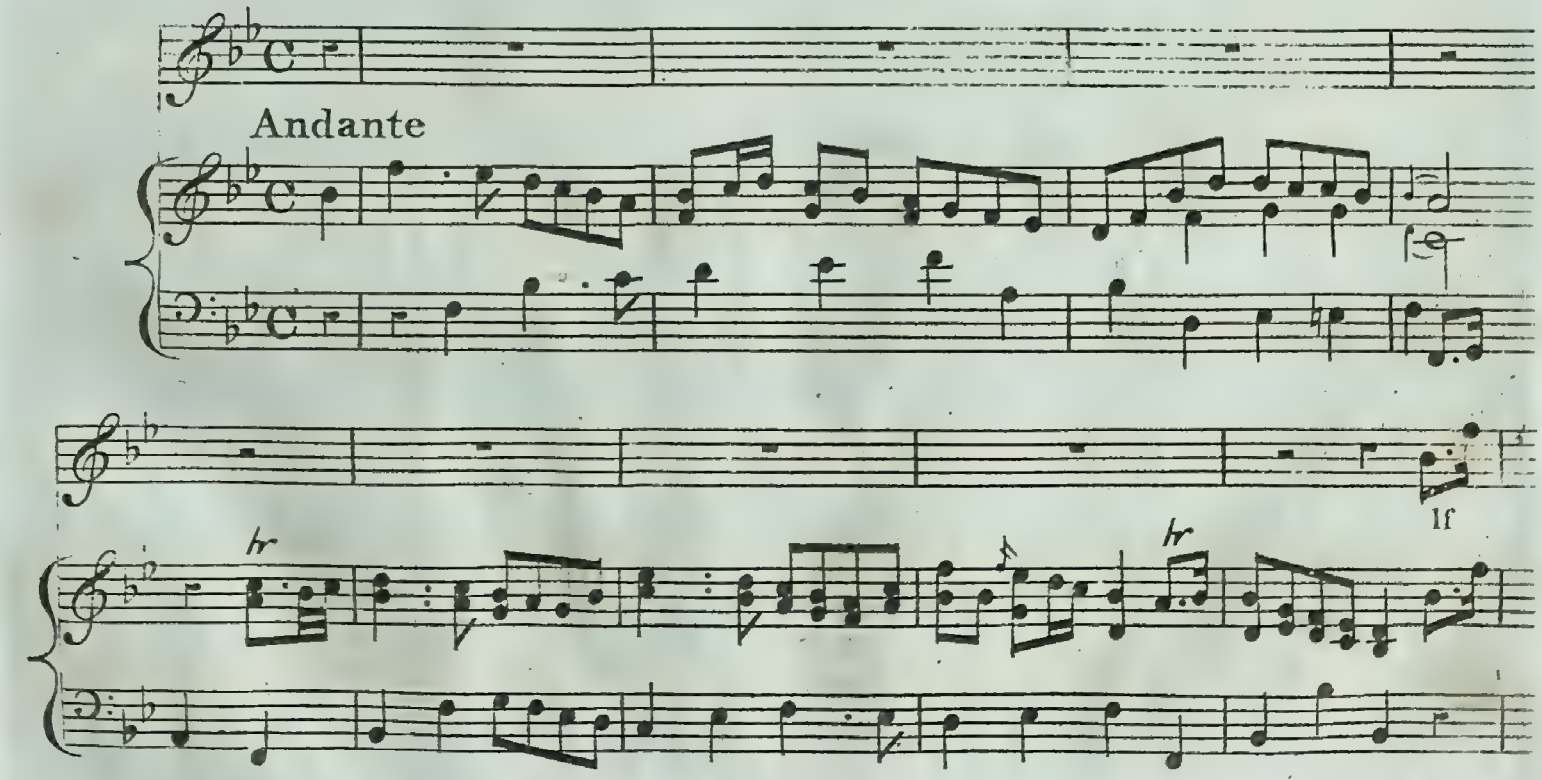

o'er the cru - el ty - - rant love a coquest I be - lievd - the

flatt'ring er - - ror cease to prove O let me be de ceiv'd O

let me be de - ceiv'd O let me be de - ceiv'd

f

For-

p *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

- bear to fan the gen - tle flame which love did first cre - ate What

was my pride is now my shame and must be turn'd to hate Then

call not to my wav - 'ring mind the weakness of - - - my heart - which

ah! I feel too much inclin'd to take the trai - - tor's part For-

part - - - to take the trai - tor's part.

p *f*

p *f* *hr*

Monster, away

As Sung by Mrs. BILLINGTON

In the Celebrated Opera of

ARTAXERXES.

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VOCE

PIANO FORTE

Presto

Monster, away from chearful day - - - - - - - - - - to the barren desart fly

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Paths ex - plore where Li - - - ons

roar and de - vour - ing Ty - gers lie

Monster a - way from chearful day - -

- - to the barren desart fly

Paths ex - plore where Li - - ons roar and de -

- vour - ing Ty - gers lie - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - paths explore where Lions roar and de-

- vouring Tygers lie paths explore where Lions roar and devouring Tygers lie fly

fly where devouring tygers lie fly fly where devouring tygers lie - -

- - where devouring tygers lie - - - - where devouring Tygers lie

'Tho' for food they wade in blood all to save their young a-

-gree all to save their young a-gree all all to save their young a-

-gree all to save their young - - - - - - a-

-gree Monster a-way from [illegible] day

- - - to th barren desart fly fly fly paths ex -

plore where Li - - ons roar and devour - ing Ty - gers

- lie Tho' for food they wade in blood

all to save their young a - gree ev - ry crea - ture

fierce by na - ture harm less is com pard to the

ev' - ry crea - ture fierce by na - ture harm - less is com-

- par'd to thee com - par'd to thee com - par'd - - - - -

- - to thee.

Let not Rage,

Sung by Mrs. BILLINGTON
In the Celebrated Opera of

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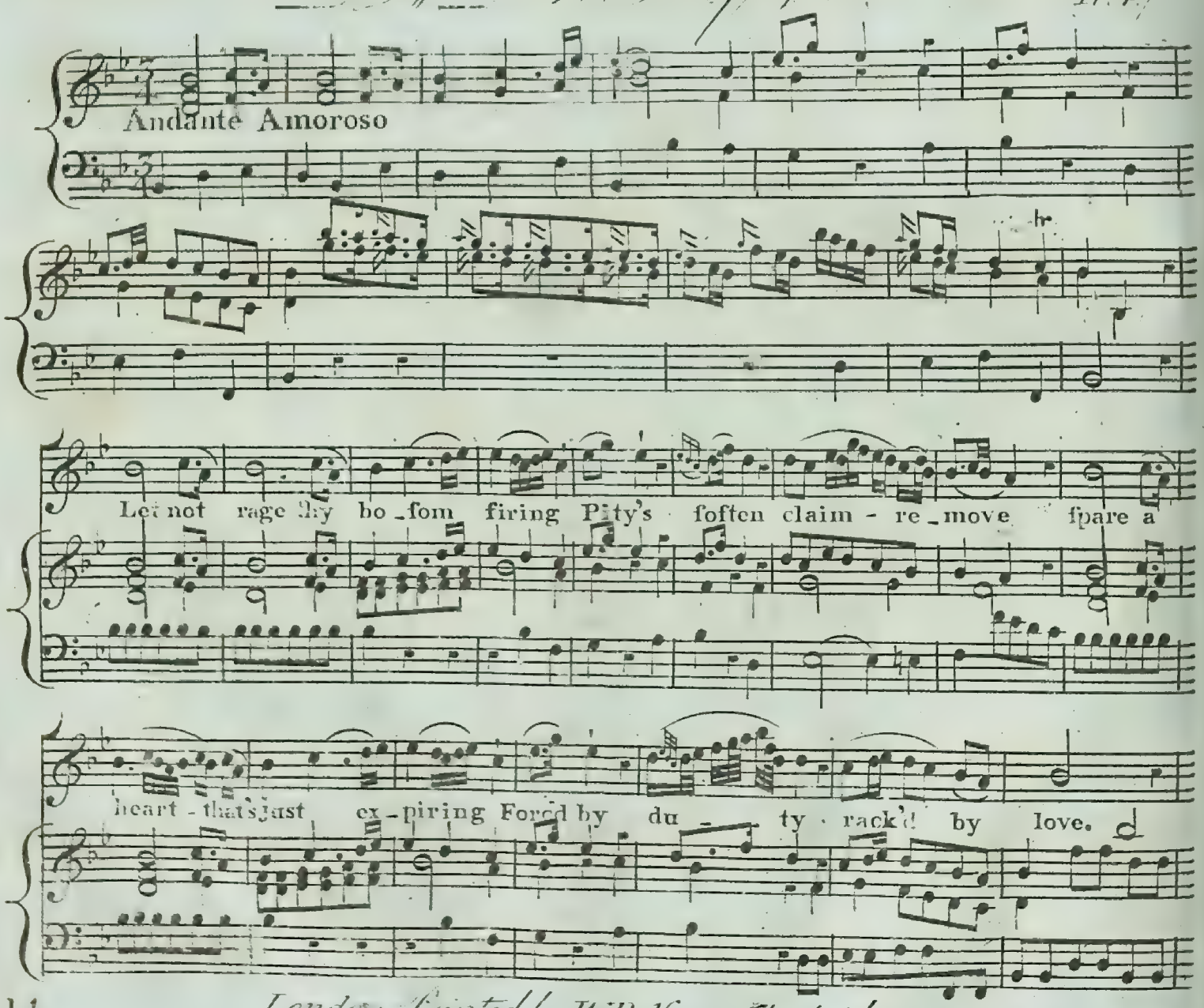

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Each un - gen - tle

thought fus - pending Judge of mine by thy foft

breast Not with rancour never ending Heap fresh for - - rows

on th' op - prefs'd Let not rage thy bo - som fi - - ring

Pi - ty's fof - ter claim - - - re - move Spare a heart that's

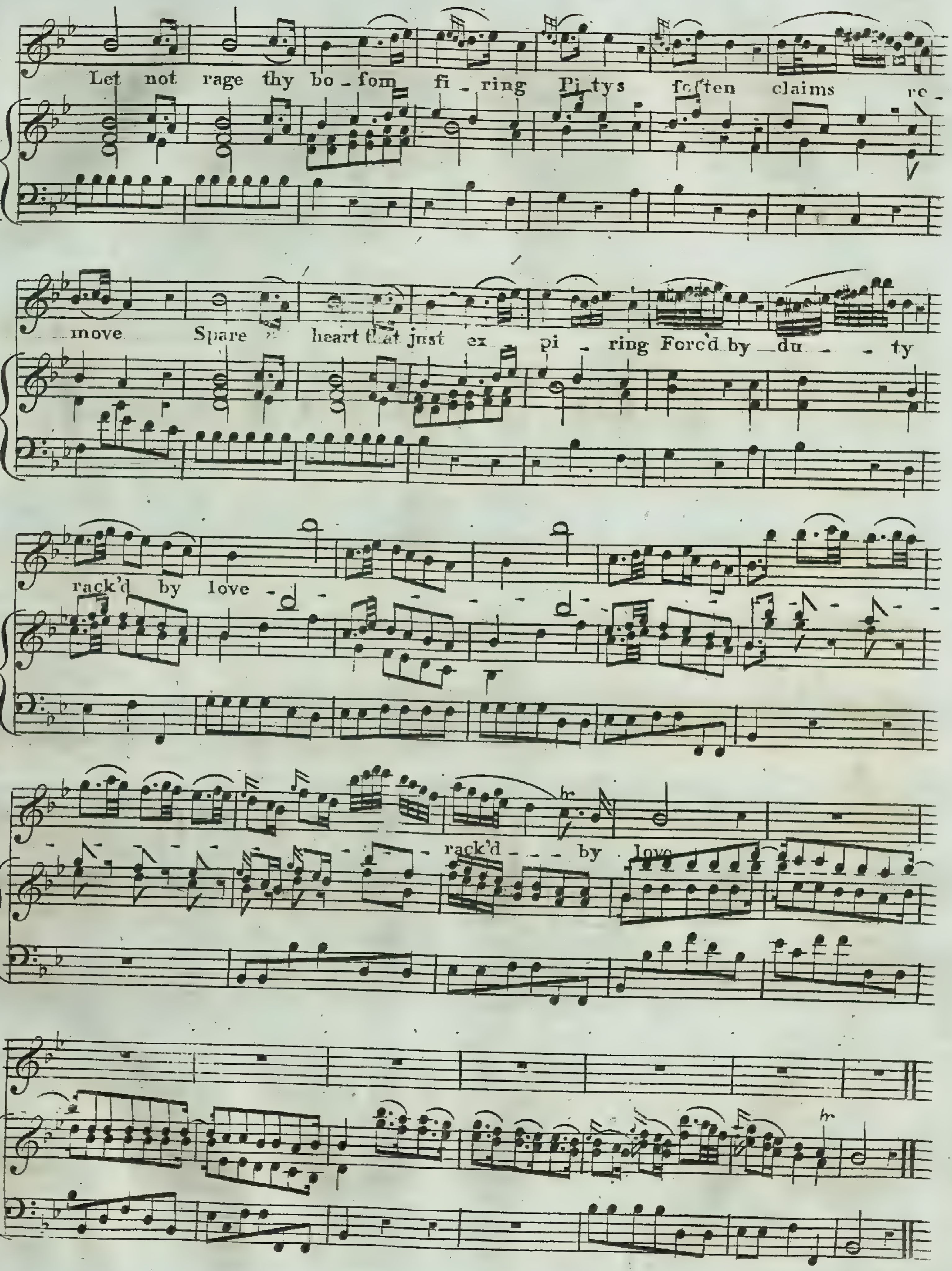
just ex - pi - - ring Forc'd by Pi - - ty rack'd by Love,

Heav'n that ev' - ry joy - - has

crofs'd Ne'er my wretch - ed ftate can mend I a -

- lafs! at once have lost father, Brother, Lo - - ver,

Friend Father Brother Lo - - ver Friend.


Let not rage thy bo - fom fi - ring Pitys foften claims re -
move Spare heart that just ex - pi - ring Forc'd by du - - ty
rack'd by love - - - - - - - -
rack'd - - - by love

THE

Soldier tired of Wars Alarms

Sung by Mrs. BILLINGTON

In the Opera of

ARTAXERXES.

Pr. 1/

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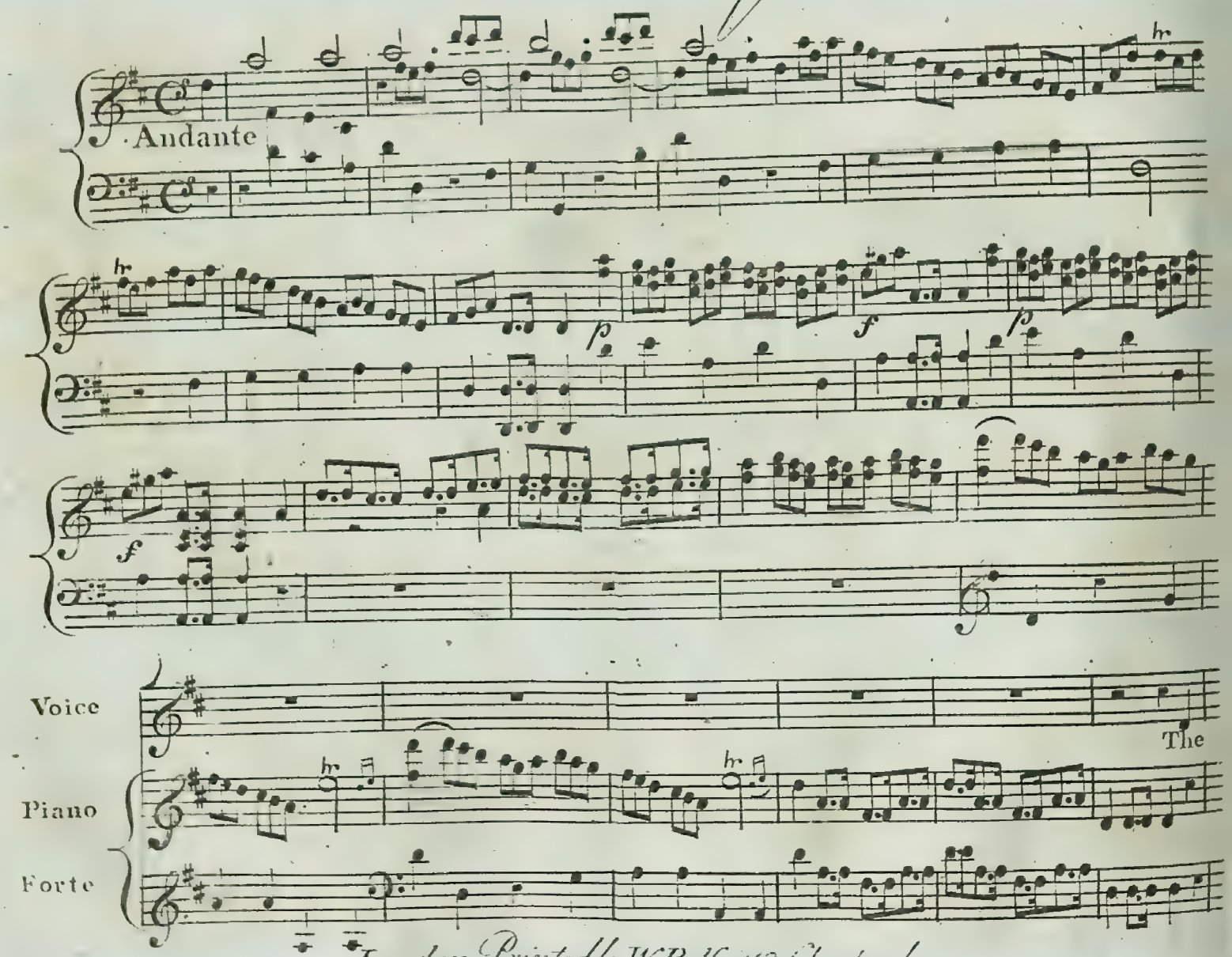

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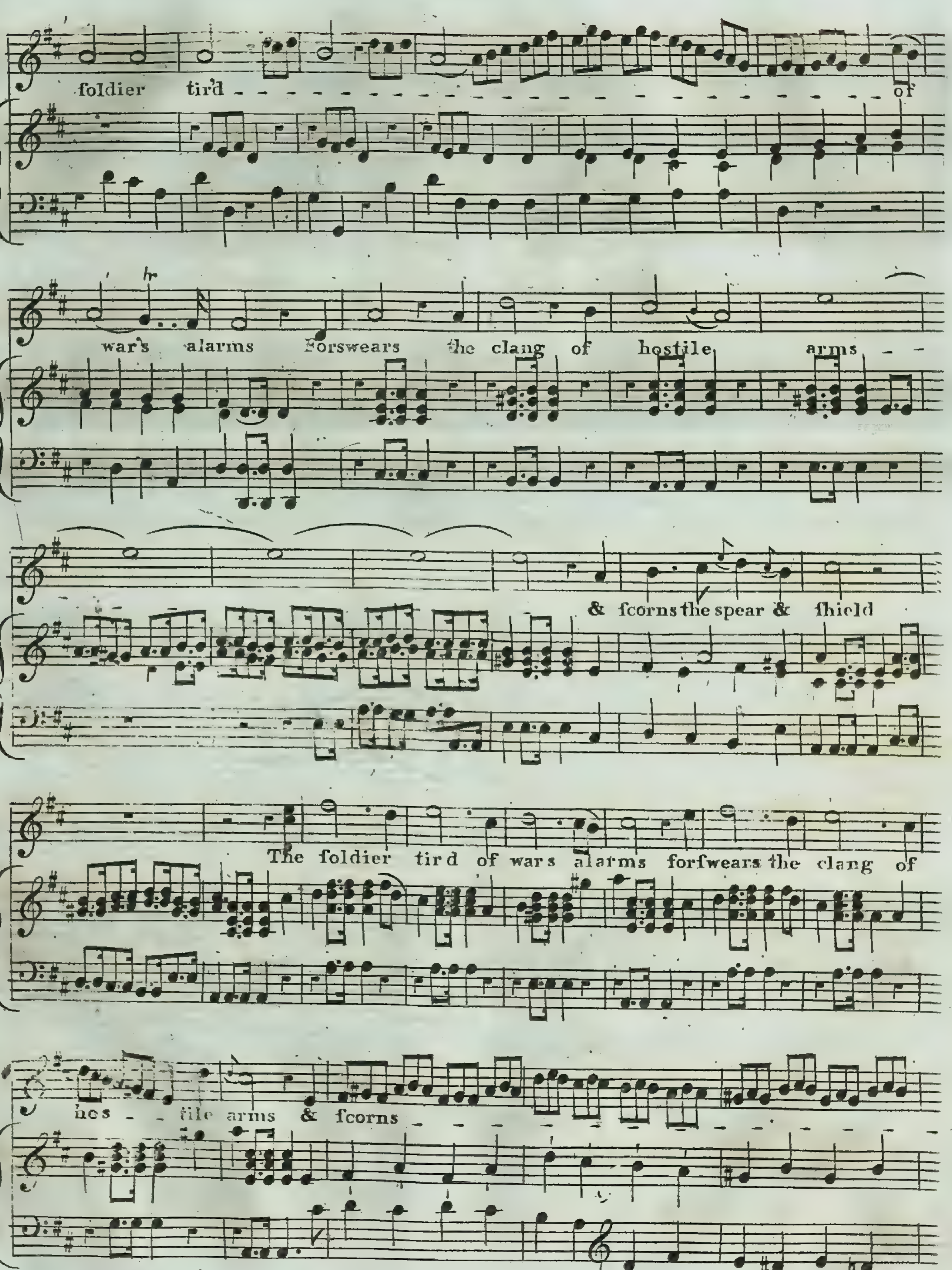
foldier tir'd of
war's alarms Forswears the clang of hostile arms
& fcorns the spear & fhield
The foldier tird of wars alarms forfwears the clang of
hos file arms & fcorns

the ſpear, the ſpear and ſhield For -

- ſwears the clang of hos - tile arms and ſcorns - - - - -

the

ſpear the ſpear - - - - - - - & ſhield

p

f *p* *f*

But if the brazen trumpet

found

He burns with conquest to be crown'd &

p *f*

dares again the field - - - - - - and dares - - - - - - - - - -

p

again the field He

f *p*

dares -

- - - a - gain the field he dares - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - a - gain - - - - - - the field

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Trombas

Accompaniment

Andantino

F. F. P.

Wa_ter par_ted from the Sea . . . .

may in_crease the Ri_ver's Tide To the bub_ling Fount may flee or thro'

fer_tile Val_leys glide F. P. F. P.

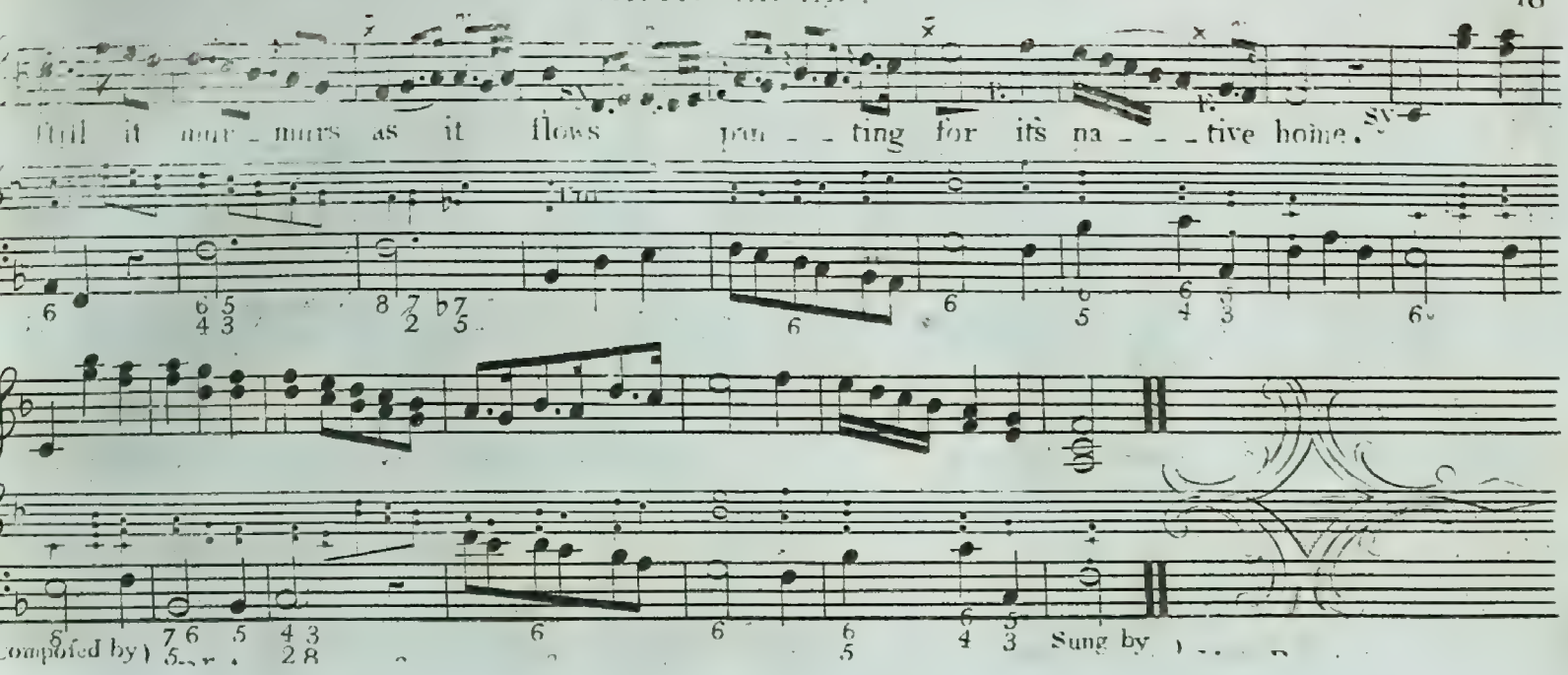
Um

Tho' in search of fel_re_pose thro' the Land 'tis free to roam

still it mur_murs as it flows pan_ting For its na_tive home . . . .

home

Tho' in search of fel_re_pose thro' the Land 'tis free to roam


still it mur - murs as it flows pan - - ting for its na - - - tive home.
Sung by

Mus 16702
D1485/4

Conquest is not to be stow;

SONG,

In the Oratorio of

JUDITH,

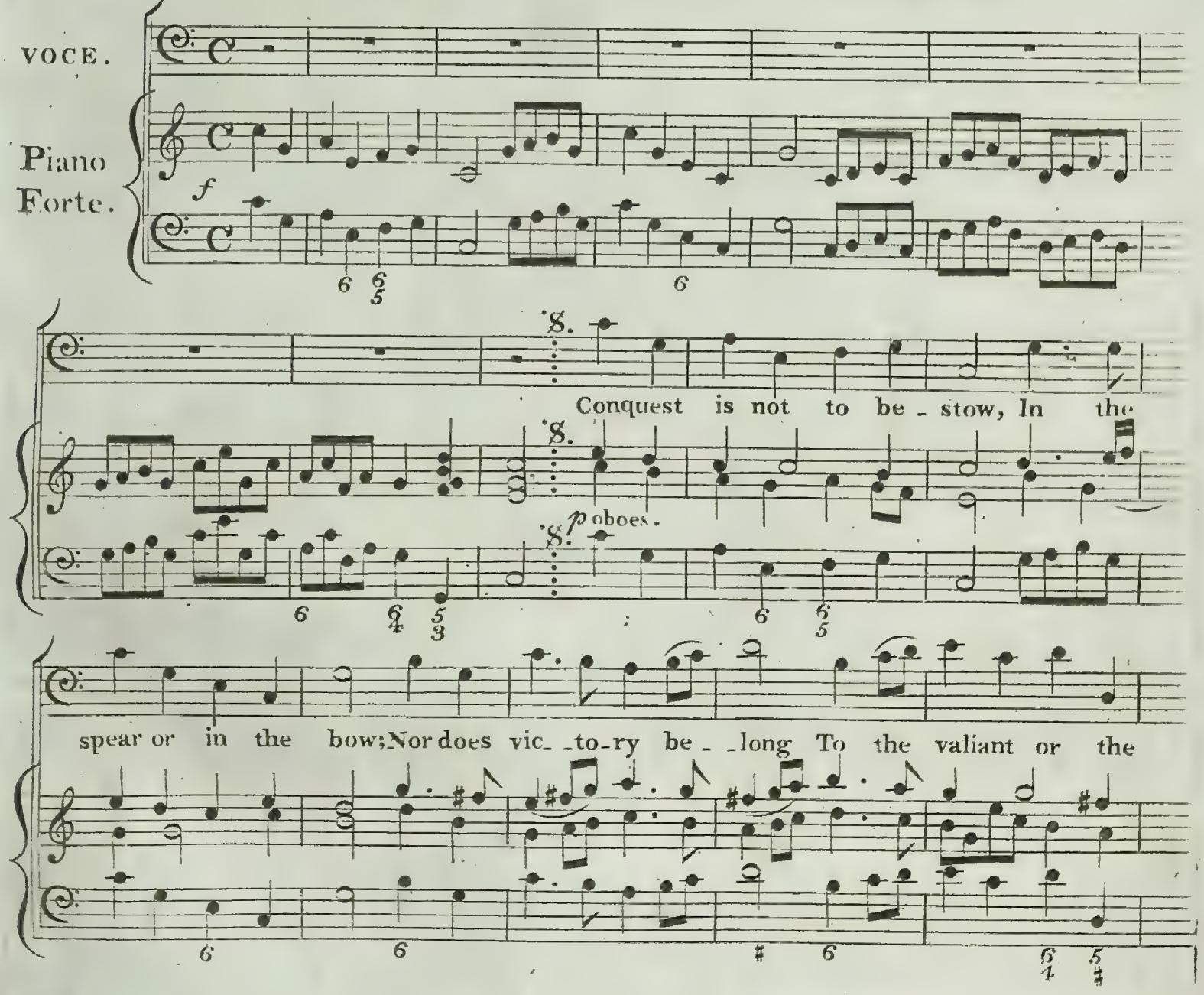
Composed by

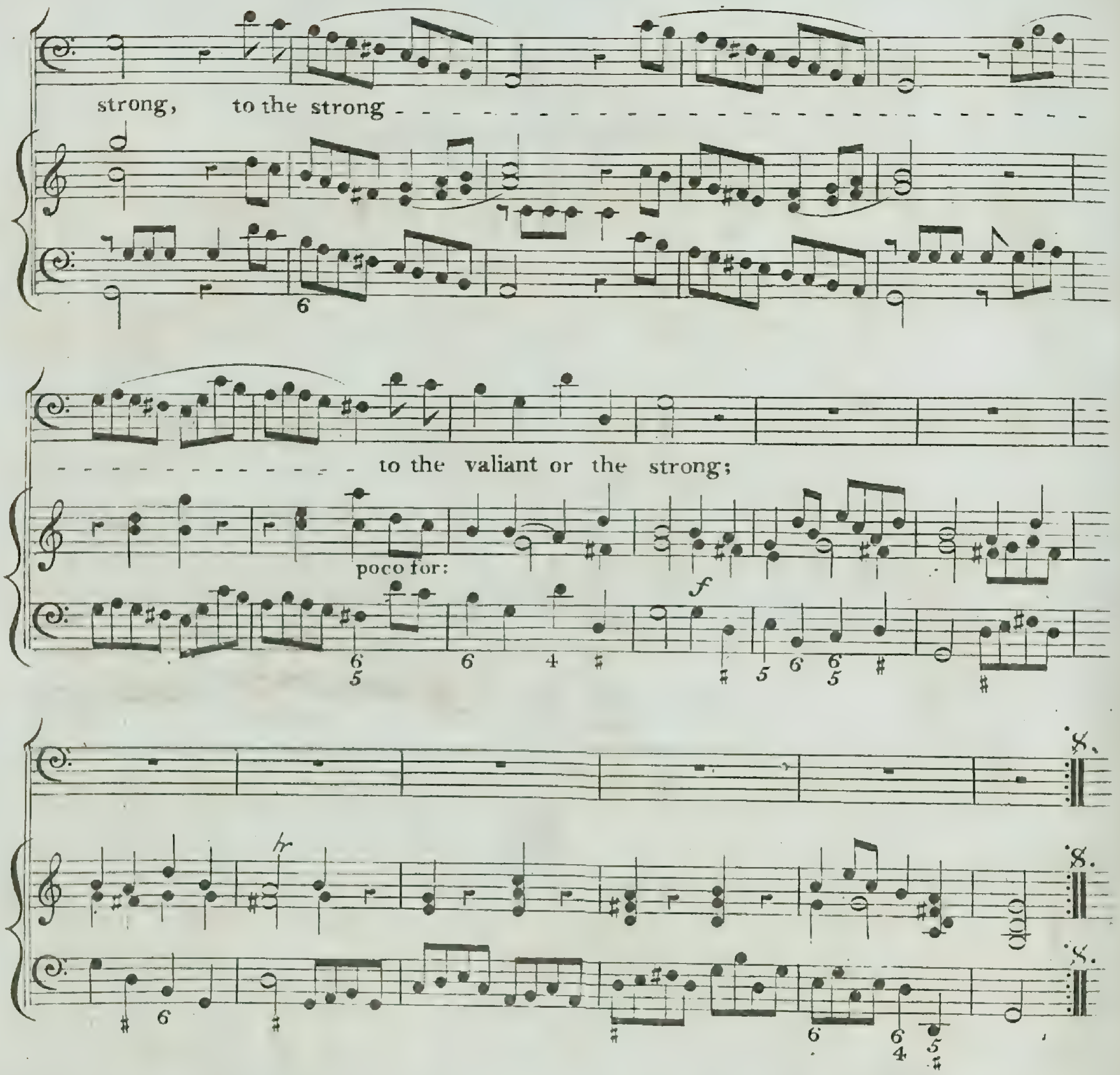
Dr. ARNE,

Arranged by Dr. John Clarke.

Price 1/6

London, Printed & Sold by Messrs. Birchall & Co. 133, New Bond Street.



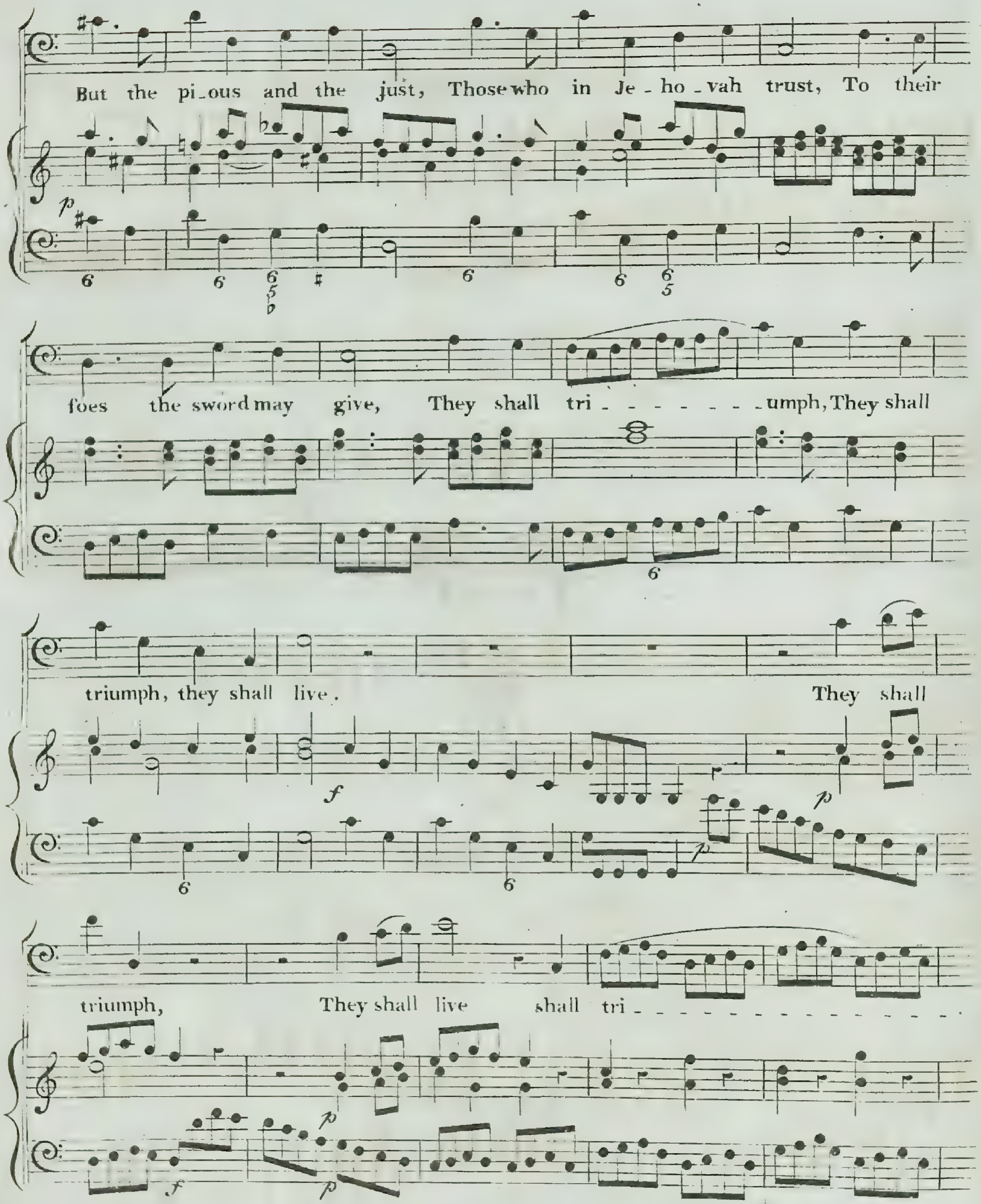

strong, to the strong -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - to the valiant or the strong;
poco for:
But the pi_ous and the just, Those who in Je_ho_ _vah trust, To their

foes the sword may give, They shall tri - umph, they shall live.

They shall triumph, they shall live.

Conquest is not to be - stow, In the spear, or in the bow; Nor does

vic - to - ry be - - long To the valiant or the strong.


But the pi_ous and the just, Those who in Je _ ho _ vah trust, To their
foes the sword may give, They shall tri - - - - - - - - umph, They shall
triumph, they shall live.
They shall
triumph,
They shall live shall tri - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

hr

umph. they shall

mf

6 Tasto

hr

tri - umph, they - - - - shall live.

ff

6 4 5 3

7 6 6 4 5 3

To Miss Wyndham with the
Author's best compts. — 5

MARRATON AND YARATILDA.

Song

THE WORDS

(Founded on an Indian Tradition)

Written by the Revd. B. J.

Sung by Mrs KNIVETT, also by MASR PHILLIPS, of the Royal Academy.

THE MUSIC DEDICATED TO

Mrs. Arthur Taylor,

By

T. ATTWOOD.

Ent. Sta. Hall. — Price 2/

LONDON,
Published by J. & D. Ewer, Addison & Hodges,
201, REGENT STREET.

Cornell 1720
2162713

Marrata Ve Varatilla.

The Tradition upon which this Song is founded is given in the 56th Paper of the Spectator.

VOCE.

LARGHETTO.

Too well I hear that sad Prophetic sigh Which heav'd my breast when last we bade a_dieu, Too well re_call the tear that dimm'd thine eye When to the wave I launch'd my light Ca_noe; "Fare_

PIANO FORTE.

Dolce.

well!" rang echoed from the sea _____ beat shore, "Farewell!" I

dol.

cried and left to meet no more. no more? Ah

Andante Moderato.

yes! ___ in that blest land of shades, where rest ___ our

dol.

Sires across yon spark _ _ ling main, ___ Mid ai _ _ _ _ ry groves, and

cres. stringendo e cres.

vi _ _ _ sionary Glades, fond Ya _ _ ra_tild _ shall clasp her Love a _ gain . a_

cres. stringendo e cres.

ritard e dolce. a tempo.

f

gain _____ shall clasp __ her Love __ a _ _ gain. _ shall clasp her Love a_

f dol.

ritard. a tempo 1mo

gain. __ shall clasp her Love a _ _ gain .. Then cease my

sor _ _ _ rowing heart _____ thy plaints give o'er . . . .

I come, thy Marraton, to part no more! to

cres *f*

p dol.

part no more to part no more no

p

cres.

more no more I come to part to part no

cres. dol.

cres.

more to part no more no more no more I

cres.

come to part to part no more to

cres.

part no more no more to

ral.

dol

ral.

ad lib.

part no more to part no more.

a tempo.

Ped.

ARIEL

A FAVORITE CANTATA,

Performed at the

Vocal Concerts, Hanover Square,

Composed by

J. C. BACH.

Adapted from the (M.S. score.)

& Dedicated (by Permission) to Her Royal Highs.

The Duchess of Gloucester,

by the Proprietor,

C. KNYVETT, JUNR.

Ent. Sta. Hall. *Price 3/-*

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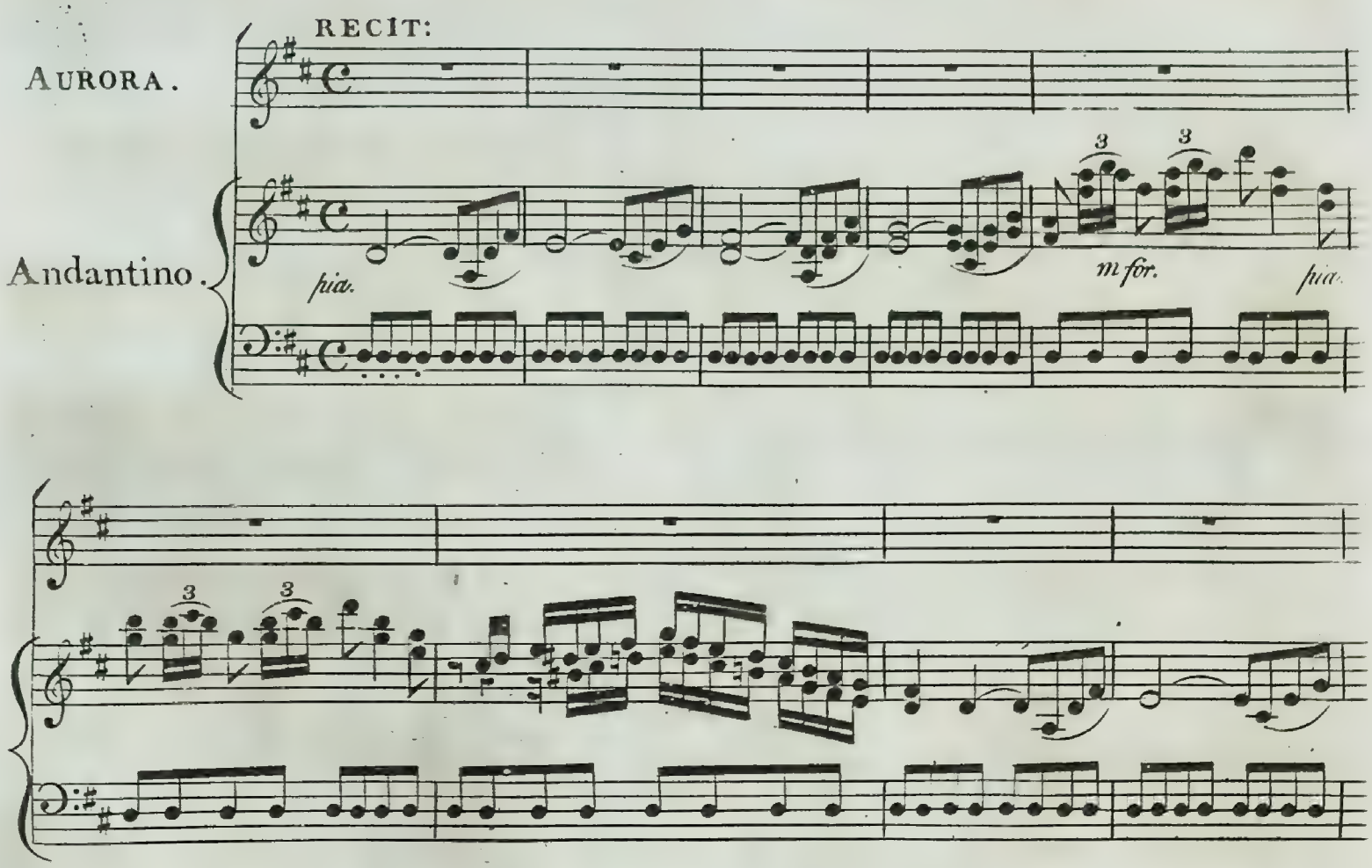
THE REGENT'S HARMONIC INSTITUTION.

10.....16761
D14.85/6

Aurora.

Composed by J. C. Bach.



pia. cres *ff*

RECIT.o

Gia Fe_bo ri_con_du_ce per l'a_

e_re_o sen_tie_ro il car_ro del_la lu_ce.

pia. *pia.*

Cres:

eil pre_ci

ff

der_lo nuo_ce a miei de_si_ri.

A_mor mi

pia.

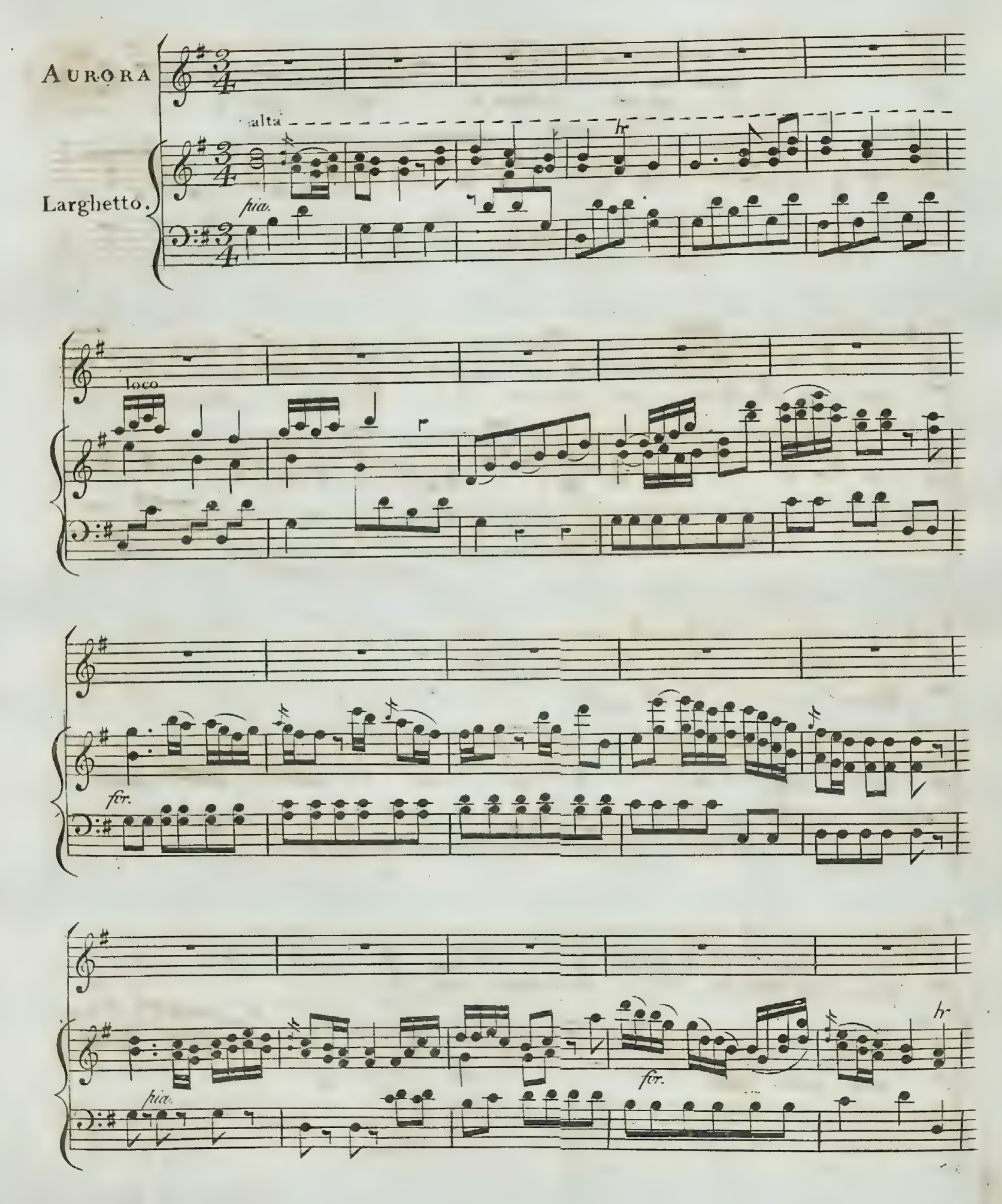
gui da in so_li_ta_ria parte

O_ve da_cu_to stral

l'al_ma mi pun_ge ne'al mio pe_nar al_cun con_for_to ag_giun_ge.

Segue L'Aria.

ARIA.



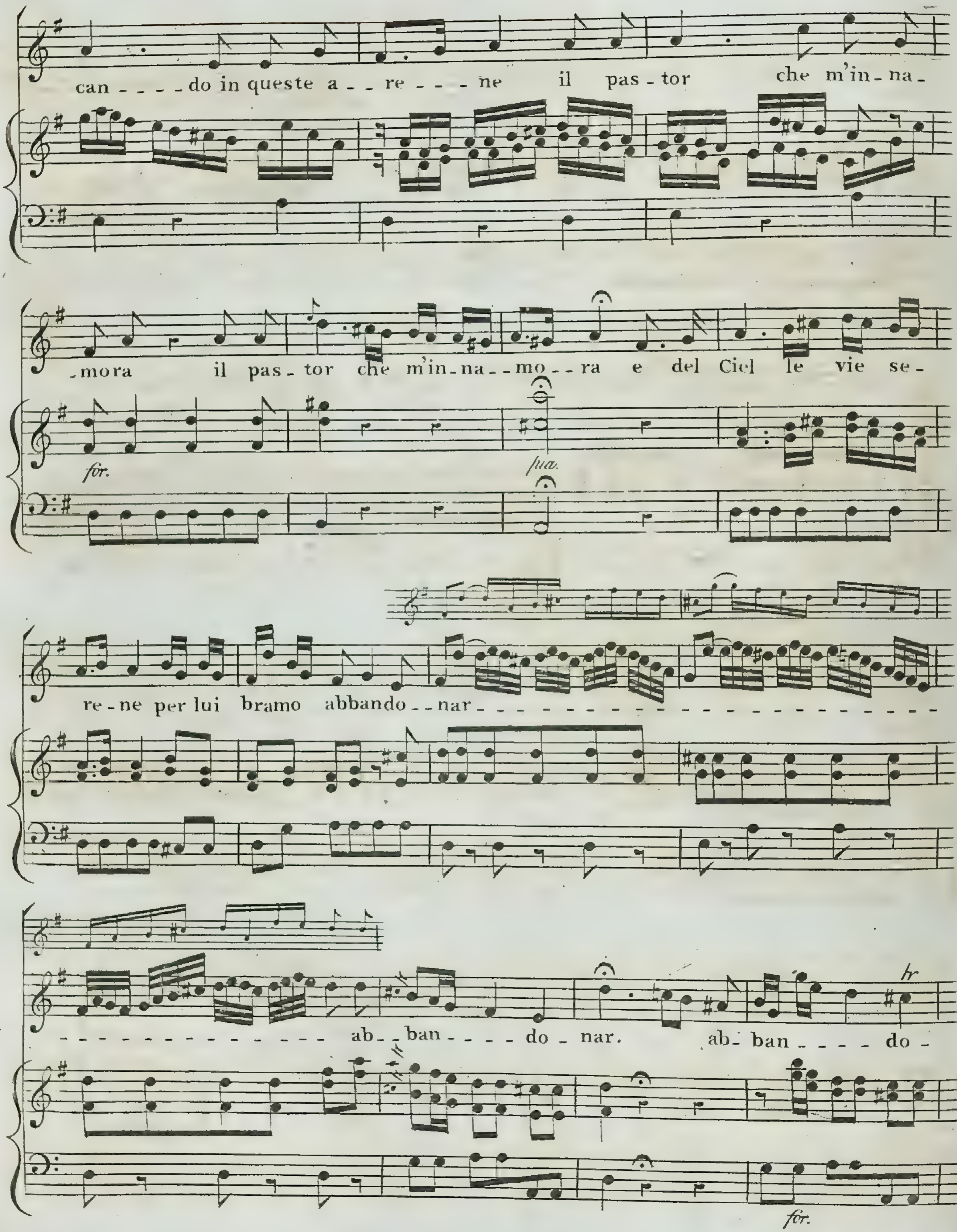
Vo cer- - can - do in ques - te a - - - re - - - - ne il - - - - pas -

tor che m'in - - - na - - mo - ra il - - - pas - - tor - - - - che m'in - - - - na -

- mo - - ra e del Ciel le vie se - - re - - - - ne per lui

bra - - ma abbando - - nar ab - bando - - nar. vo cer -

ff *p*


can - - - - do in queste a - - re - - - - ne il pas - tor che m'in - na -
- mora il pas - tor che m'in - na - - mo - - ra e del Ciel le vie se -
for.
pia.
re - ne per lui bramo abbando - - nar - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ab - - ban - - - - do - nar. ab - ban - - - - do -
tr
for.

nar. so che omai vi_ci_na e l'o_ra che scor_

f p f p

ren _ _do per le sel_ve contro il fian_co del_ _le bel_ _ve suo_le l'ar_ca e_ser_ci_ _

f p f p f p f p

tar e_ _ _ser_ _ _ _ _ci_ _ _tar_ _ _. vo cer_ _ _can_ _do in

for. più.

ques_te a re_ _ _ne il_ _ _ pas_ _tor che m'in_ _ _na_mo_ra

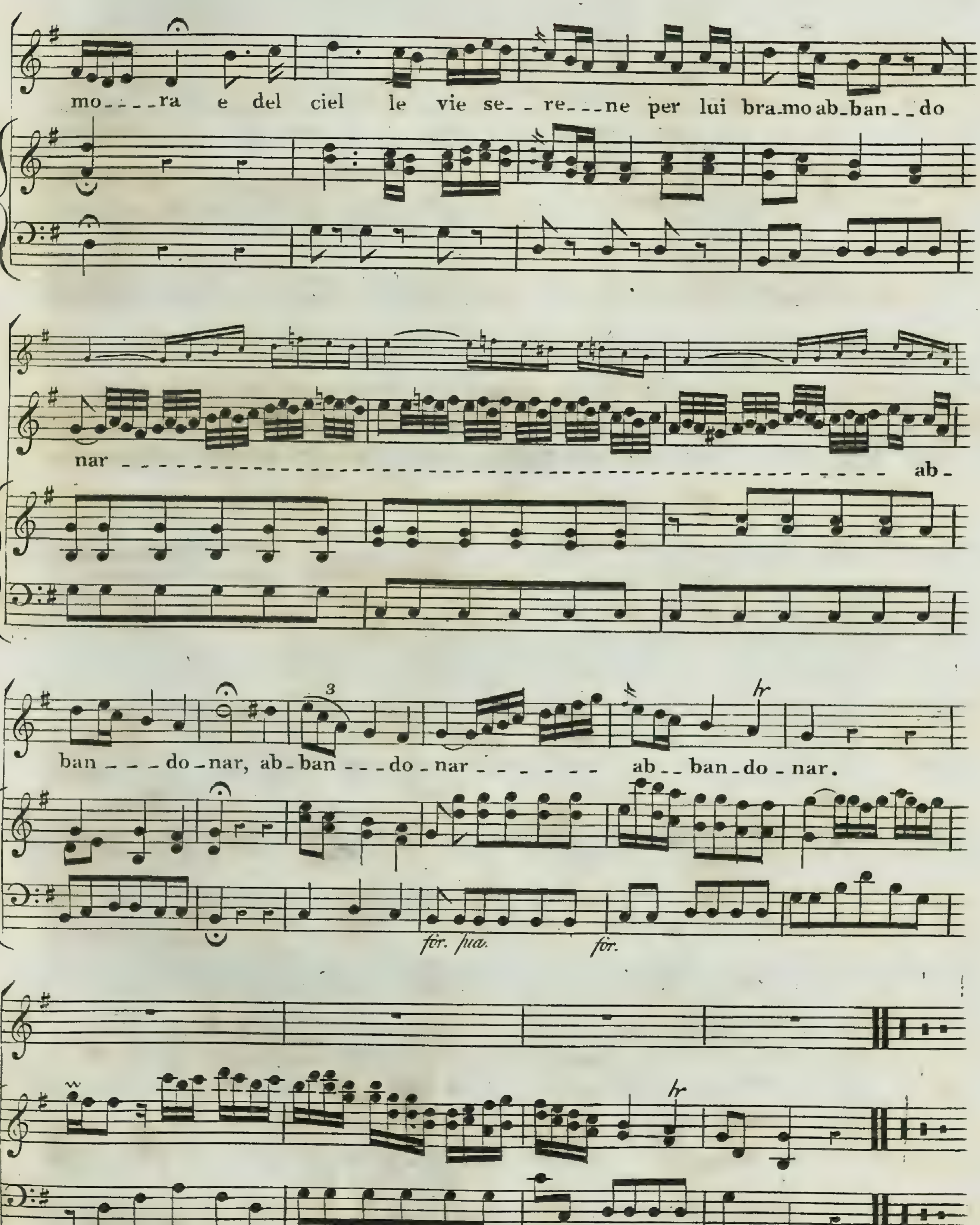
il_____ pas_tor___ che m'in__na_mo_ra e del ciel le vie se_

re__ ne per lui bra___mo ab_ban_do__nar per lui bra___mo ab_ban_do_

nar. vo cer_can____do in ques te a re_ne il__pas_

for. pia.

tor che m'in_na___mo___ra il___pas____tor che m'in__na__


mo_ _ _ _ra e del ciel le vie se_ _ re_ _ _ne per lui bra_mo ab_ban_ _do
nar - ab_
ban_ _ _do_nar, ab_ban_ _ _do_nar_ _ _ _ _ _ ab_ _ban_do_nar.
fòr. pia.
fòr.

Wk Thomas
Book bought to
Philip E. Wyndham
7

PALERMO'S BELLS,

Sung with the greatest applause

BY

Miss P. Horton,

AND NIGHTLY ENCORED IN

MORRIS BARNETT'S

highly successful Drama

Monsieur Jaques,

Composed by

JOHN BARNETT.

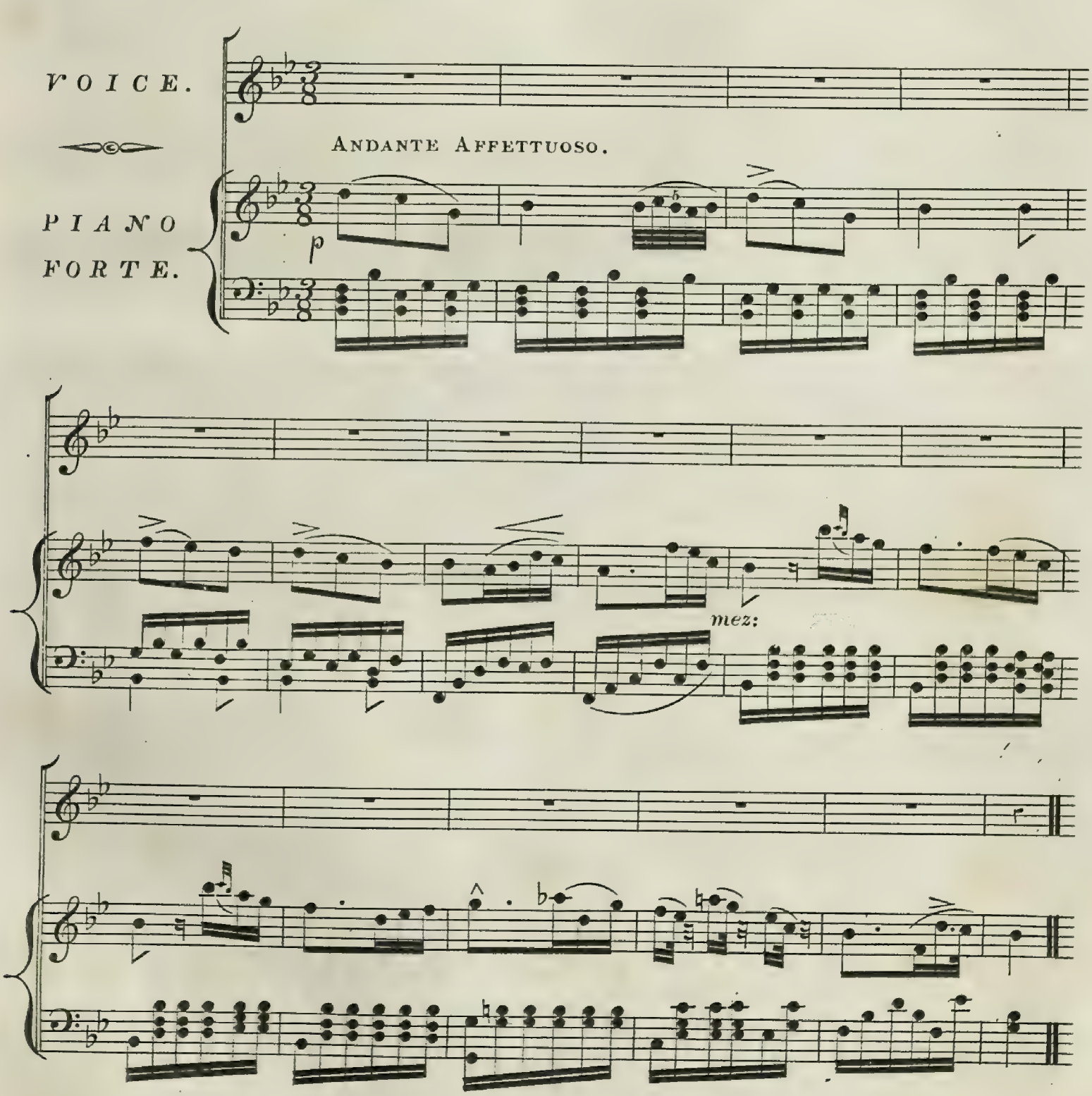
Bat. Sta. Hall. *Pr. 2/-*

London,
Leon Lee, Music Seller to the Royal Family.
48, ALBEMARLE STREET.

Feb 1874
D485|7

PALERMO'S BELL!

Written by MORRIS BARNETT Esqr. *Composed by* JOHN BARNETT.



When last I heard Pa-----ler-----mo's Bell; How deep and

hal-----low'd was its pow'r; How sweet each tone the

tale did tell Of Bri-----dal joy and death's dark hour;

But force'd to roam from kindred home, I sigh'd a last fare---

ad lib:

well, a last.... fare-well, To sum-lit bow'r, and

ad lib: *a tempo.*

gol-den flow'r, And dear Pa-ler-mo's Bell. Pa-

lermo's Bell, Pa-lermo's Bell, Pa-ler-mo's Bell.

legato.

Palermo's Bells. (J. Barnett.)

With list-----less eye that home is seen, For dis-----tant

climes my bo-------som burn'd; I sigh'd to leave that

long - lov'd scene, Yet mem'-----ry fond--ly fondly turn'd:

Still vi--sions bright, as the fire-fly's light, Of Hope and Peace doth

ad lib:

tell, Of Peace.... doth tell; When o'er each dale, and

a tempo.

hill and vale, Shall sound Pa----ler-------mo's Bell, Pa----

-------lermo's Bell, Pa--lermo's Bell, Pa-----ler---mo's Bell.

mus 16728
D1485/8

Wortsman
April 1815

IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOVED

Ballad

Sung by

Mr. Braham,

In the Operatic Romance of the

Devil's Bridge.

AT THE

Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

Composed by

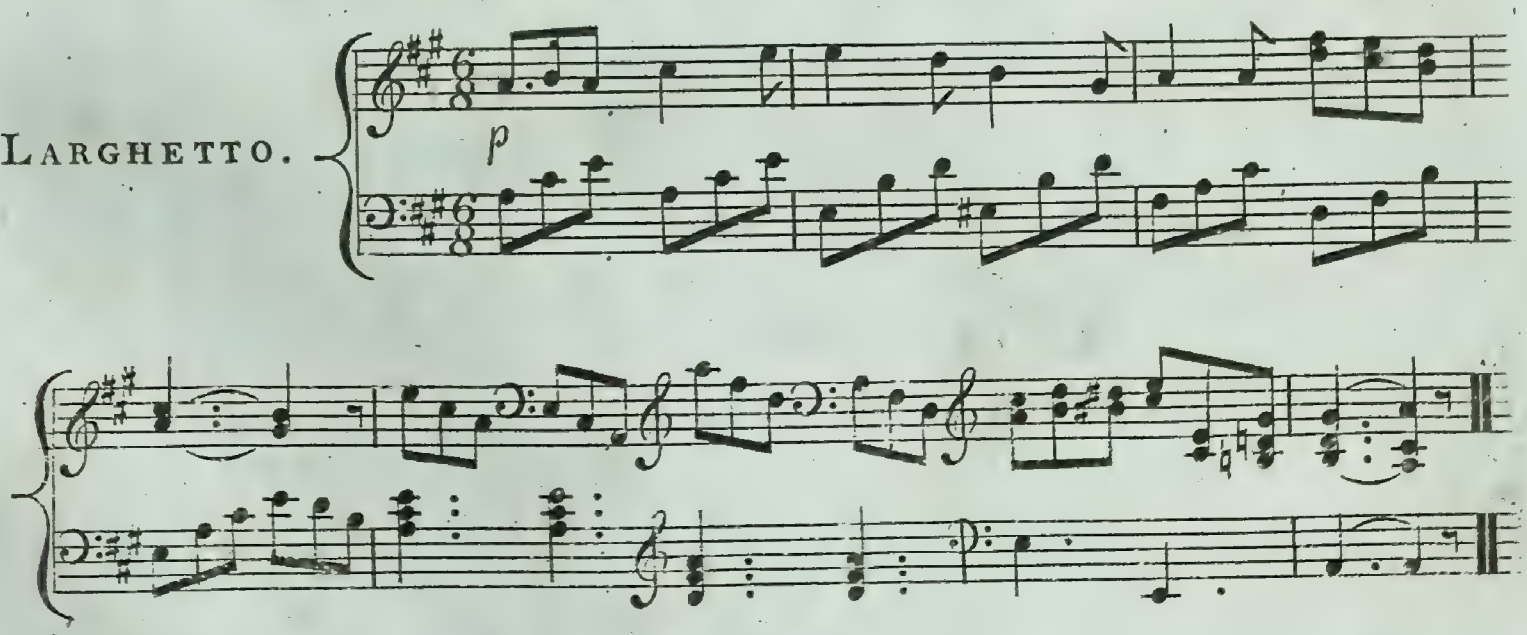
Mr. BRAHAM.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Pr: 2/ s

London, Printed by Goulding D'Almaine Potter & Co. 20, Soho Sq.r & 7, Westmorland Street Dublin.

LARGHETTO.



Is there a heart that never lov'd? Or felt soft Woman's

sigh? – – Is there a Man can mark un = mov'd Dear

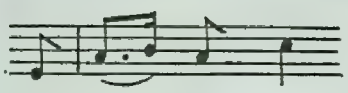
Woman's tear = ful eye? – – Oh! bear him to some distant

shore, Or so = li = ta = ry cell, Where none but sa = vage

Devils Bridge.

monsters roar, Where Love - - - - - - - - - - ne'er deign'd to

dwell.



For there's a charm in Woman's eye,
A language in her tear,
A spell in every sacred sigh,
To Man - to Virtue dear:
And he who can resist her smiles,
With Brutes alone should live,
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,
That joy her Virtues give.

Wotherce
February
1819

NO DANGER, MY LOVE, IS NOW NEAR THEE,

The much admired

Duet,

Sung by

Mr. Durusset & Miss Mathews,

at the

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,

in the Melo Drame of

ROBINET THE BANDIT,

or the

Forest of Montescarfone.

(adapted to a favorite Waltz of Mozart's)

BY

J. C. Addison.

Price 2s

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Published for the Composer, 66, Newman Str.t at Falkner's Music Warehouse, 3, Old Bond St.t

J. Addison

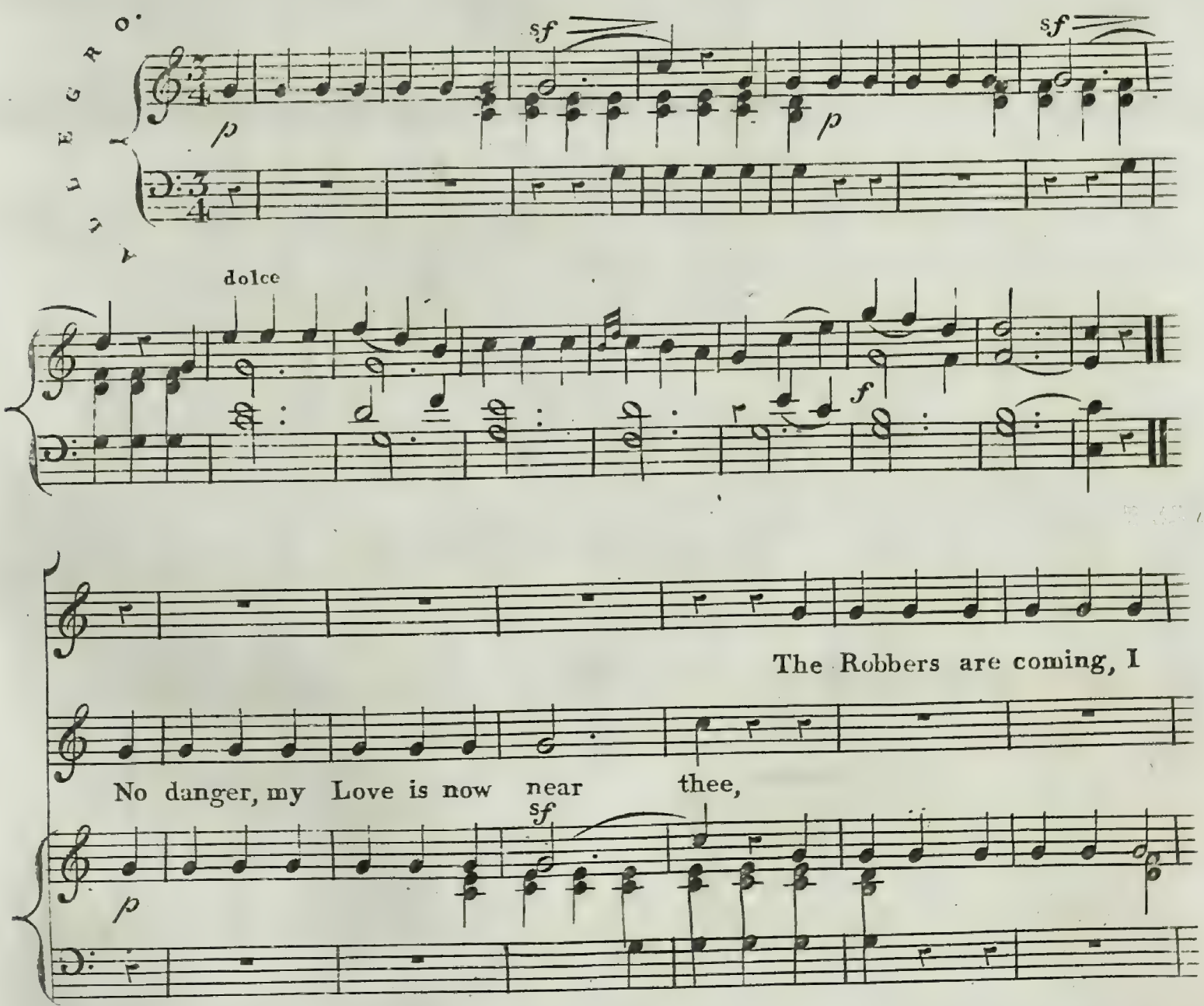
Mm.A.15739
Dinsc/9

No Danger my Love, is now near thee,

Duet

Sung by

Mr. Durufset & Miss. Mathews.



fear me, Ah! why did we wander from happi-ness yonder?

sf

My Love, do not

They die in the breeze, and our fear but de-ceiv'd, Some

fear, I am near thee. They die in the breeze, and our fear but de-ceiv'd, Some

Tra-vel-lers pas-sing the sound we con-ceiv'd;

For

Tra-vel-lers pas-sing the sound we con-ceiv'd; Then do not des-pair,

When the Second Part is sung by a Lady the small Notes should be taken.

home we'll re-pair, To en-li-ven that home, And long may our

And may hap-pi-ness come, And long may our

mf

hearts in the full glow of vigour, Still burning with love - - - - - - - - -

hr hr hr

hr hr hr

hearts - - - - - - - - - Still burning with love bear our fates wintry rigour; Then

Dim do mf Dim do

For home we'll re-pair, To en-li-ven that

do not des-pair, For home we'll re-pair, And may hap-piness come, To en-li-ven that

home. There joys are a-bounding, And pleasures sur-rounding, So hap-py thro'

home. There joys are a-bounding, And pleasures sur-rounding, So hap-py thro'

lifes varied mea-sure we'll stray; Con-tent there at-tending, her bles-sings still

lifes varied mea-sure we'll stray; Con-tent there at-tending, her bles-sings still

lending, Make frowning De-cem-ber seem smiling as May. Then hence fell des-

lending, Make frowning De-cem-ber seem smiling as May. Then hence fell des-

-pair; For home we'll re - pair, And may hap-pi-ness come, To en-li-ven that

-pair; For home we'll re - pair, And may hap-pi-ness come, To en-li-ven that

home. Then do not des- pair; For home we'll re - pair, And may hap-pi-ness

home. Then do not des- pair; For home we'll re - pair, And may hap-pi-ness

mf

come, To en-li-ven our home.

come, To en-li-ven our home.

f

rcma16732
D1485/10

Eliz.th Fortescue
December 1
10

O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE

The much admired

SCOTCH AIR as sung by Mr. SINCLAIR

in

Rob Roy Macgregor

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN

Arranged Expressly for that Theatre

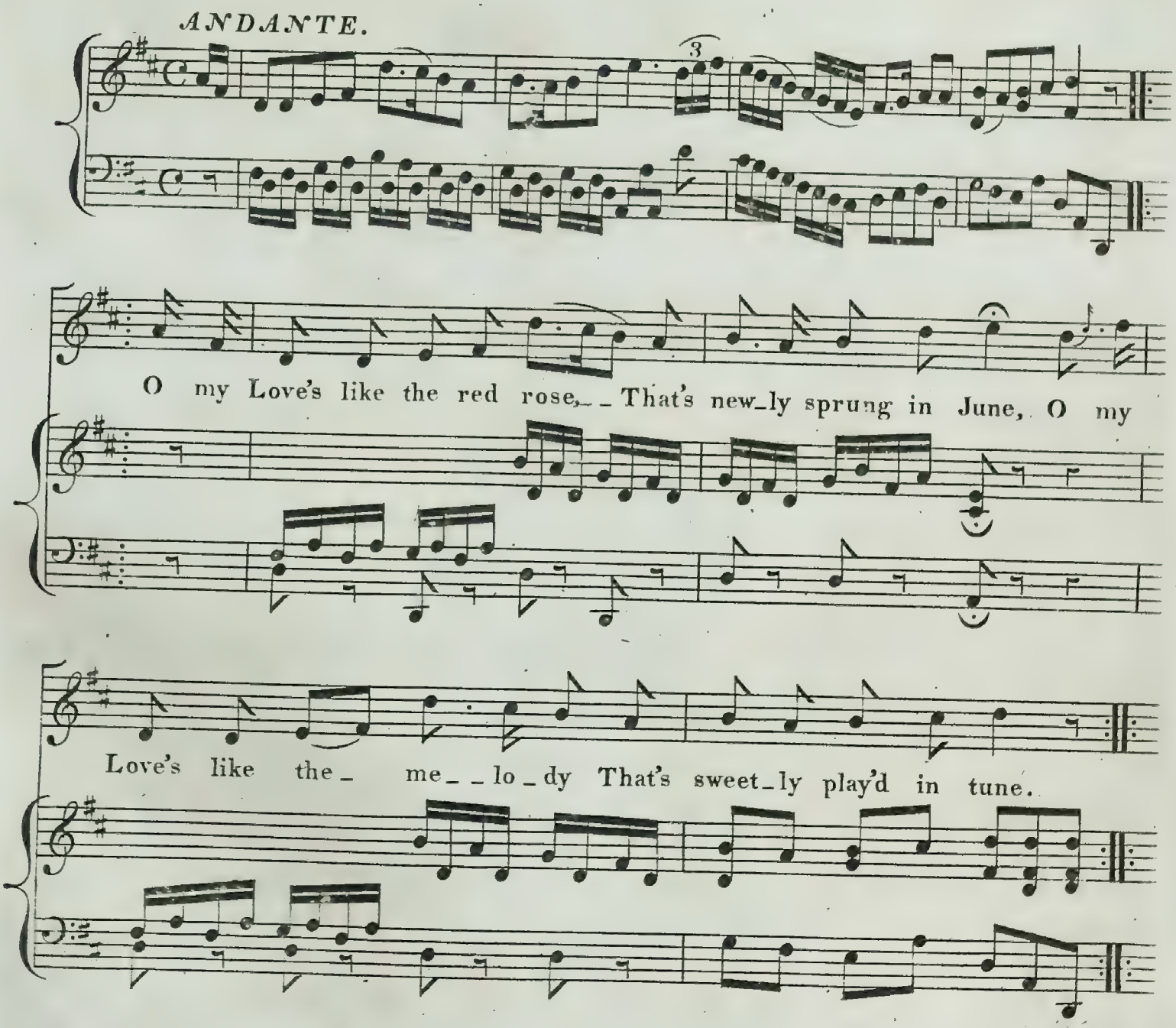
by

John Davy.

Entd at Sta. Hall.

Pr. 1.s

London Printed & Sold by W. Hodsoll, 45 High Holborn.



As fair art thou, my bon_nie Lass, So deep in Love am I, And

I will love thee still, my dear, Tho' a' the seas gang dry.

f

2d VERSE.

'Till a' the seas gang dry my dear And the rocks melt wi' the sun And

I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands of life shall run.

But fare thee weel, my on_ly love, And fare thee weel awhile; And

I will come a_gain my love Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

For the accommodation of some Voices the following Transposition is given.

ANDANTE

O my Love's like the red rose That's newly sprung in June, O my Love's like the me_lo_dy That's sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bonnie Lass, So deep in Love am I, And I will love thee still, my dear, Tho' a' the seas gang dry.

p *f*

Elizabeth Fortescue

174.
rcm.14454
D1485/11

The Lamplighter

written and composed

by

Mr. Dibdin

for his entertainment

called

The ODDITIES.

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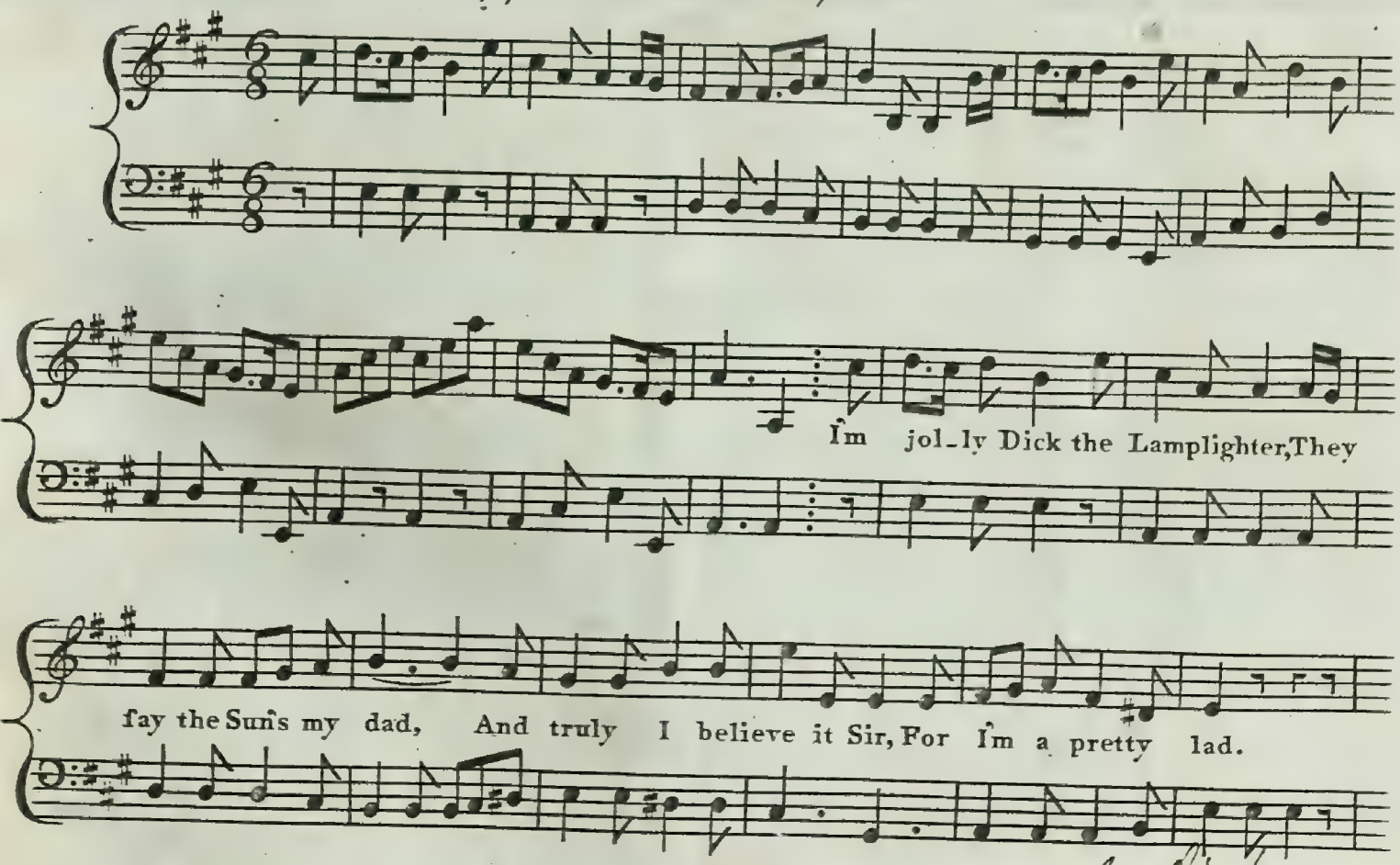

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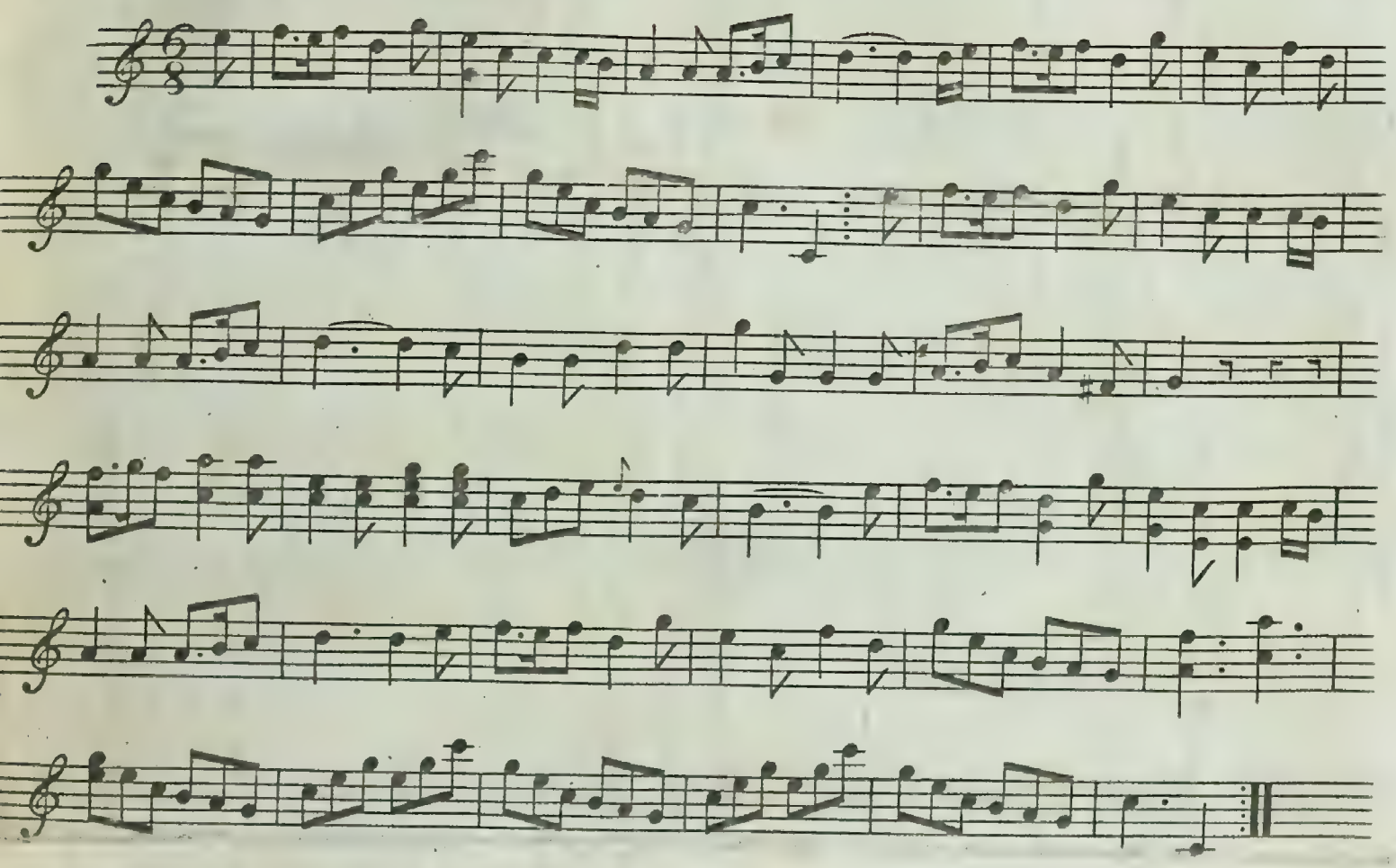
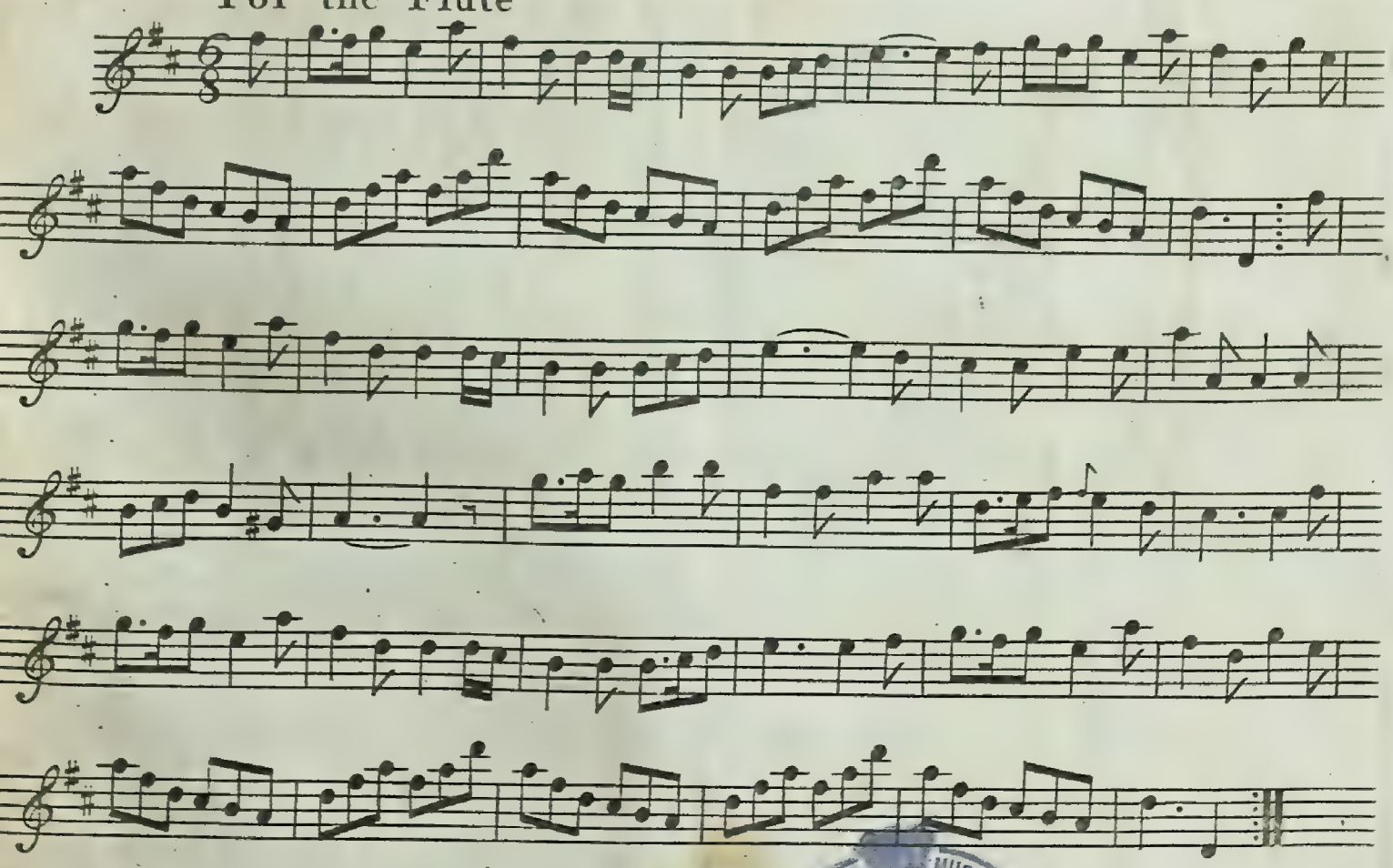
Elizabeth Fortescue

176

For the Guittar



For the Flute



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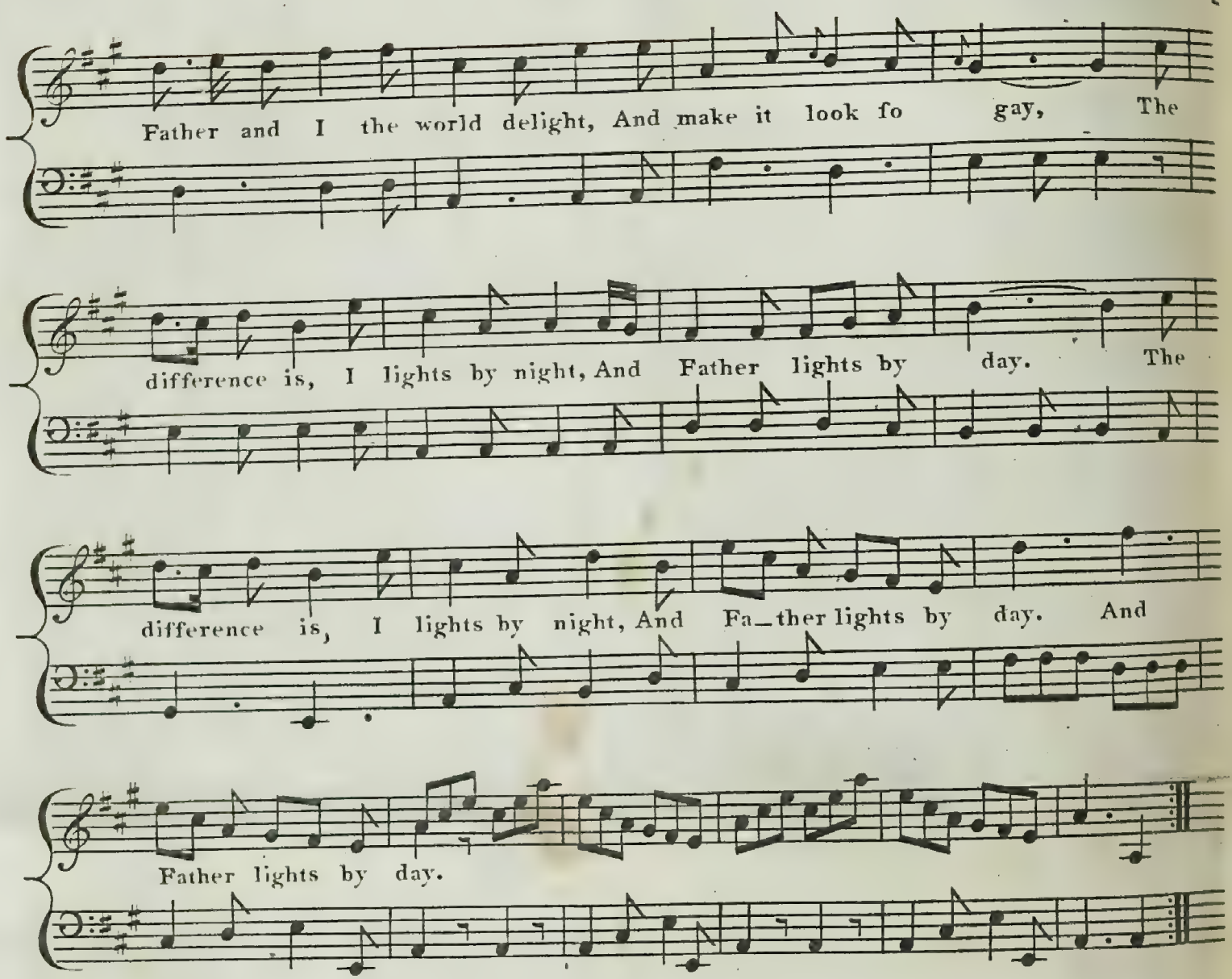

2

But Father's not the likes of I
For knowing life and fun,
For I ſtrange tricks and fancies ſpy
Folks never ſhew the Sun.
Rogues, Owls, and Bats can't bear the light
I've heard your wife ones ſay;
And ſo, d'ye mind, I ſees, at night,
Things never ſeen by day.

3

At night men lay aſide all art
As quite a uſeleſs taſk,
And many a face and many a heart
Will then pull off the maſk;
Each formal prude, and holy wight,
Will throw diſguiſe away,
And ſin it openly at night,
Who fainted it all day.

4

His darling hoard the miſer views,
Miſses from friends decamp,
And many a ſtateſman miſchief brews
To his country, o'er his lamp.
So Father and I, d'ye take me right,
Are juſt on the ſame lay;
I bare faced ſinners light by night,
And he falſe ſaints by day.

Elizabeth Fortescue
London June 4th 1810

12

THE CYPRESS WREATH,

A Favorite Song, with an Accompaniment for the

Pianoforte,

The Poetry from the Popular Poem,

ROKEBY,

Written by

Walter Scott Esqr.

Composed by

Wm. HAWES,

Of St. Paul's Cathedral & His Majesty's Chapel Royal.

Entd at Sta Hall. — London. — Price 2/6.

Published by Messrs. Phipps & Co. Music Sellers,
25, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square.

[illegible]
[illegible]

RECITATIVE.

The Mournfull Youth, a space a=side, to tune Matildas Harp applyd, and then a low sad descant rung, as prelude to the lay he sung.

VOCE.

ANDANTE

&

AFFETTUOSO

mf *f* dim

O Lady twine no wreath for me, Or twine it of the Cypress

p

Tree, O Lady twine no wreath for me, Or twine it of the Cypress

Tree.

f

Too lively glow the lil= =lies

p

light the varnish'd holly's all too bright, the May flow'r and the Eglan=

=tine, may shade a brow less sad than mine, may shade a brow less sad than

mine, But La=dy weave no wreath for me, Or weave it of the Cypress

p

Tree, O La=dy weave no wreath for me, Or weave it of the Cypress

Tree.

f

dim

2d VERSE.

f

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine, with tendrils of the laughing

f

vine, let dimpled mirth his tem=ples twine, with ten= =drils

of the laughing vine, The Manly Oak, the pensive

yew, To Patriot and to sage be due, to Patriot and to sage be

due, The Myrtle bough bids Lovers live, But that Ma= =til=da will not

cres

give. But that Ma= til = da will not give, Then Lady twine no wreath for

me, Or twine it of the Cypress Tree, Then Lady twine no wreath for me, Or twine it

of the Cypress Tree.

f dim.

(3)

Let merry England proudly rear,
Her blended Roses bought so dear,
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue,
With heath and harebell dipt in dew;
On favoured Erins crest be seen,
The flower she loves of emerald Green,
But Lady twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the Cypress Tree.

(4)

Strike the wild Harp, while Maids prepare,
The Ivy meet for Minstrels hair,
And while his Crown of Laurel leawes,
With bloody hand the victor weaves;
Let the loud trump his triumph tell,
But when you hear the passing Bell,
Then Lady twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the Cypress Tree.

N.B. The 3d and 4th Verses may be sung to the Music of the 2d Verse, or omitted, at the Pleasure of the Performer.

5th VERSE.

Minore. Slower.

Yes twine for me, the Cypress bough, But O! Ma=tilda twine not

now, Stay till a few brief months are past, And I have look'd, and lov'd my

last, When Vil=lagers my shroud be=strew, with

dol

pan=sies, rosemary and rue, When Villagers my shroud be=strew, with

Majore. Tempo Primo

pansies, rosema=ry, and rue. Then La=dy weave a wreath for

p

me, and weave it of the Cy=press Tree, Then La=dy

weave a wreath for me, and weave it of the Cypress

Tree.

f

dim

FINE.

"CHILD OF EARTH WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR,"

A CAVATINA,

now Singing with distinguished Success by

MRS. WOOD,

MRS. WAYLETT, MISS COVENEY,

AND

Madame Vestris,

AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL,

The Poetry by Ellis,

Composed by

CHARLES E. HORN.

Enl. Sta. Hall.

Price 2

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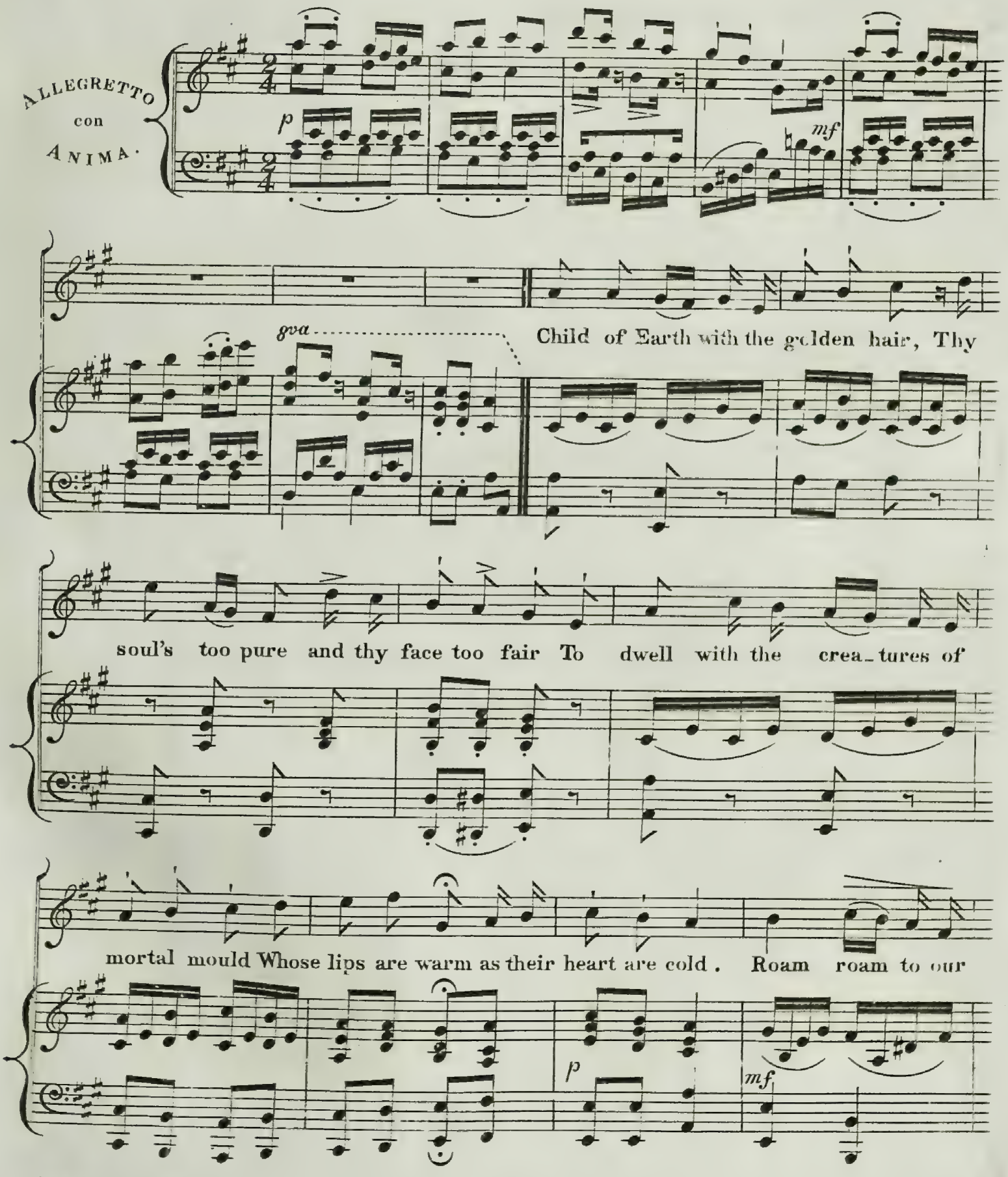
1 ... 16749
D1665/12

CHILD OF EARTH.

Composed by C. E. HORN.



fai-ry home Child of Earth with the golden hair.

Thou shall dance with the fai - - ry queen Through sum-mer nights on the

p

moon-lit green To mu - - sic mur-muring sweet - - er

pp

far Than ev - - er was heard neath the morning's star.

mf

Animato.

Roam, roam to our fai-ry home, Child of Earth with the gold-en hair

Roam roam to our fai - ry home Child of Earth with the

mf

golden hair.

gva

f

I'll rob of its sweets the humble bee I'll crush the wine from the

cowslip - tree I'll pull thee berries I'll heap thy - bed of

downy moss and the poppies red Roam roam to our fai - ry home

mf

Child of Earth with the golden hair.

Dim sleep shall woo thee my darling boy In her mild_est mood with

p *p*

dreams of joy And when with the morn - ing ends her reign

pp

Animato.

hr

Pleasure shall bid thee wel - come a - gain. Roam roam to our

p

fairy home Child of Earth with the golden hair Roam roam to our fairy home

Child of Earth with the golden hair.

gva

f

f

J. COCKRAM MUSIC-SELLER. 6 LOWER ARCADE BRISTOL.

14.

Miss Fanny Wyndham
with the Author's & Composers Compts.

"OH! NOT AS IN THE DAYS OF OLD!"

BALLAD,

The Poetry by

Thomas Haynes Bayly Esq.r

The Music by

JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

Ent. Sta. Hall. *Price 2/-*

London Published at MORI & LAVENU'S New Musical Subscription Library, 28, New Bond St.

also by the same Composer.

"GIVE ME NO FAREWELL TOKEN," THE OLD NOBLE,
"DAYS GONE BY," THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER,
THE VETERAN.

[illegible]
[illegible]

"OH! NOT AS IN THE DAYS OF OLD,"

The Poetry by T. H. Bayly Esqre The Music by J. P. Knight Esqre

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

p

"Oh, not as in the days of old." J. P. Knight.

p

Oh! not as in the days of old, Is there a welcome here for me, The

p

voice is calm, the look is cold Un - like what both were wont to be: Such

f

welcome as the proud confer On ev' - - ry guest, I may behold; But

f *p*

Cres: *dim.*

no sweet word is breathed by her, Oh! not as in the days of old! Oh!

dim.

Cres:

not as in the days of old!

2d VERSE.

In vain my eyes her own would seek, In vain my voice would

reach her ear, 'Tis but the blush up - on her cheek, Tells she is conscious

I am near: And if one moment as we met, Her pas - sive hand I

p *Cres:*

dared to hold; No pressure told me I was yet As dear as in the

p *Cres:*

dim. *fr*

days of old! As dear as in the days of old!

dim.

3d VERSE.

p

What fault of mine could

p

thus estrange A heart whose love was once my boast! A - las! no fault - it

"Oh, not as in the days of old." J. P. Knight.

is the change That comes when for - tune's smile is lost: If so - with scorn I

can re - pel A wel - come that can thus grow cold; As cold - ly I can

Cres: *dim.*

say farewell! Oh! not as in the days of old! Oh! not as in the

Cres: *dim.*

days of old!

"Oh! not as in the days of old." J. P. Knight.

"I WANDERED BY THE WOODSIDE."

BALLAD,

Composed expressly for, and Dedicated to

MISS FANNY WYNDHAM,

and Sung by her at the

"London & Provincial Concerts."

The Words by

W. H. OLLIVIER,

The Music Composed

BY

LEWIS H. LAVENU.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

London, Published by MORI & LAVENU, *28, New Bond Street.*
Music and Musical Instrument Sellers by Appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, & H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

[illegible]
[illegible]

"I WANDERED BY THE WOOD-SIDE"

The second verse is omitted when sung in public.

I wandered by the wood-side,—
The leaves were all at rest—
The stream had stilled its music,—
The bird had sought its nest;
The busy hum of life was past,
No sound fell on my ear
But the throbbing of my own heart—
'Twas all that I could hear!

I listened for the footfall
That oft had trod the dell,
I strove to catch the dear voice,
Of lips I loved so well!
But silence dwelt around me,
Not e'en a voice was near,
For the throbbing of my own heart,
Was all that I could hear!

I waited,— but he came not,
The time passed slowly by;
I gazed upon the bright stars,
That gemmed the dewy sky;
'Twas vain to check the sad thought,
Or stop the falling tear,
For the throbbing of my own heart,
Was all that I could hear!

But soon a form approached me,
It 'woke the quiet grove,
With sounds so sweet and welcome,
I knew it was my love;
All nature seem'd to whisper
With joy as he came near,
But the throbbing of our own hearts,
Was all that *we would* hear!

I wandered by the Woodside!

The Words by W. H. Ollivier. The Music by L. H. Lavenu.

ANDANTE.

for

I wander'd by the wood-side_ The leaves were all at rest_ The

stream had still'd its mu_sic_ The bird had sought its nest_ The

bu_sy hum of day was past No sound fell on my ear, But the

throbbing of my own heart_'Twas all that I could hear. But the

throbbing of my own heart_Twas all that I could hear.

f

I waited,_ but he

p

came not, The time pass'd slow_ly by, I gaz'd up_on the

bright stars That gemm'd the dew-y sky, 'Twas vain to check the

sad thought Or stop the falling tear For the throbbing of my

own heart Was all that I could hear. For the throbbing of my own heart Was

all that I could hear.

f

But soon a form ap_proach'd me, It 'woke the silent grove With

sounds so sweet and welcome I knew it was my love, All nature seem'd to

whis_per With joy as he came near, But the throbbing of our

own hearts Was all that *we would* hear! But the throbbing of our own hearts was

f

all that *we would* hear.

f

I seek my Shepherd gone astray

A GLEE,

FOR

Three Voices

COMPOSED BY

J. MAZZINGHI.

Ent.d at Stat.rs Hall — Pr: 3/

London Printed by Goulding Phipp's D'Almaine & Co. 117 New Bond Street, & 7, Westmorland Street, Dublin.

Where may be had the following Glees by Mr. Mazzinghi.

The Wreath.

No 'twas neither Shape or Feature.

For Tenderness Formed.

Sweetly in Life's Jocund Morning.

Had I a Heart for falsehood fram'd.

How blest the Maid.

Lady Beware.

The Captive to his Bird.

When Order in this Land commenced.

Lillo Lee.

By Him we Love offended.

Handel's celebrated Pastoral Symphony in the Messiah.

Do . . . Do . . . . Dead March in Saul.

Do favorite March in the Occasional Oratorio

Rare 16723
B1425f16

Andante.

Amoroso.

dolce.

dolce.

I seek my Shepherd gone a = stray, He left our Cot the other day, Tell me ye gentle

dolce

Nymphs and Swains, Pass'd the dear rebel thro' your Plains. tell me tell me tell me ye

gentle Nymphs and Swains, Pass'd the dear rebel thro' your Plains Oh! teach oh! teach a

Oh! teach oh! teach a

Oh! teach oh! teach a

hapless Nymph the way, To find her Shepherd gone a=stray to find her Shepherd gone a=

hapless Nymph the way, To find her Shepherd gone a=stray to find her Shepherd gone a=

hapless Nymph the way, To find her Shepherd gone a=stray to find her Shepherd gone a=

= stray Oh! teach Oh! teach a Nymph the way to find her

= stray Oh! teach Oh! teach Oh! teach a Nymph the way to find her

= stray Oh! teach Oh! teach a Nymph the way to find her

dolce

dim:

Shepherd gone a=stray gone a = stray gone a = stray.

dim:

Shepherd gone a=stray gone a = stray gone a = stray.

dim:

Shepherd gone a=stray gone a = stray gone a = stray.

dim:

Perdendosi

2d VOICE.

Sports he upon the shaven - green, Or Joys he in the mountain scene,

Leads he his flocks a = long the mead, Or does he seek the cool=er shade.

Leads he his flocks a = long the mead, Or does he seek the cooler shade.

Oh! teach Oh! teach a hapless Nymph the way, To find her

Oh! teach Oh! teach a hapless Nymph the way, To find her

Oh! teach Oh! teach a hapless Nymph the way, To find her

dol

Shepherd gone a = stray to find her Shepherd gone a = stray.

Shepherd gone a = stray to find her Shepherd gone a = stray. Oh!

Shepherd gone a = stray to find her Shepherd gone a = stray.

dol:

Oh! teach Oh! teach a Nymph the way, To find her

teach Oh! teach Oh! teach a Nymph the way, To find her

Oh! teach Oh! teach a Nymph the way, To find her

dim:

Shepherd gone a = stray gone a = stray gone a = stray.

Shepherd gone a = stray gone a = stray gone a = stray.

dim:

Shepherd gone a = stray gone a = stray gone a = stray.

Perdendosi.

dim:

1st VOICE.

No more the festive train I'll join, Adieu ye ru=ral sports adieu, For

what a=las have griefs like mine, With passtimes or delights to do.

For what a=las have griefs like mine, With passtimes or de=lights to do.

Oh! teach Oh! teach a hapless Nymph the way, To find her

Oh! teach Oh! teach a hapless Nymph the way, To find her

Oh! teach Oh! teach a hapless Nymph the way, To find her

Shepherd gone a = stray, To find her Shepherd gone a = stray.

Shepherd gone a = stray, To find her Shepherd gone a = stray, Oh!

Shepherd gone a = stray, To find her Shepherd gone a = stray,

dol:

Oh! teach Oh! teach a Nymph the way, To find her

teach Oh! teach Oh! teach a Nymph the way, To find her

Oh! teach Oh! teach a Nymph the way, To find her

dim

Shepherd gone a=stray, gone a=stray gone a = stray.

Shepherd gone a=stray, gone a=stray gone a = stray.

dim

Shepherd gone a=stray, gone a=stray gone a = stray.

Perdendosi

dim

T. Fortescue
December 1818

7

A Ballad

IN

M. P.

or the

Blue Stocking

A Comic Opera, Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL LYCEUM,

Written & Composed

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.

Eut at Sta. Hall. Price 2 -

LONDON.

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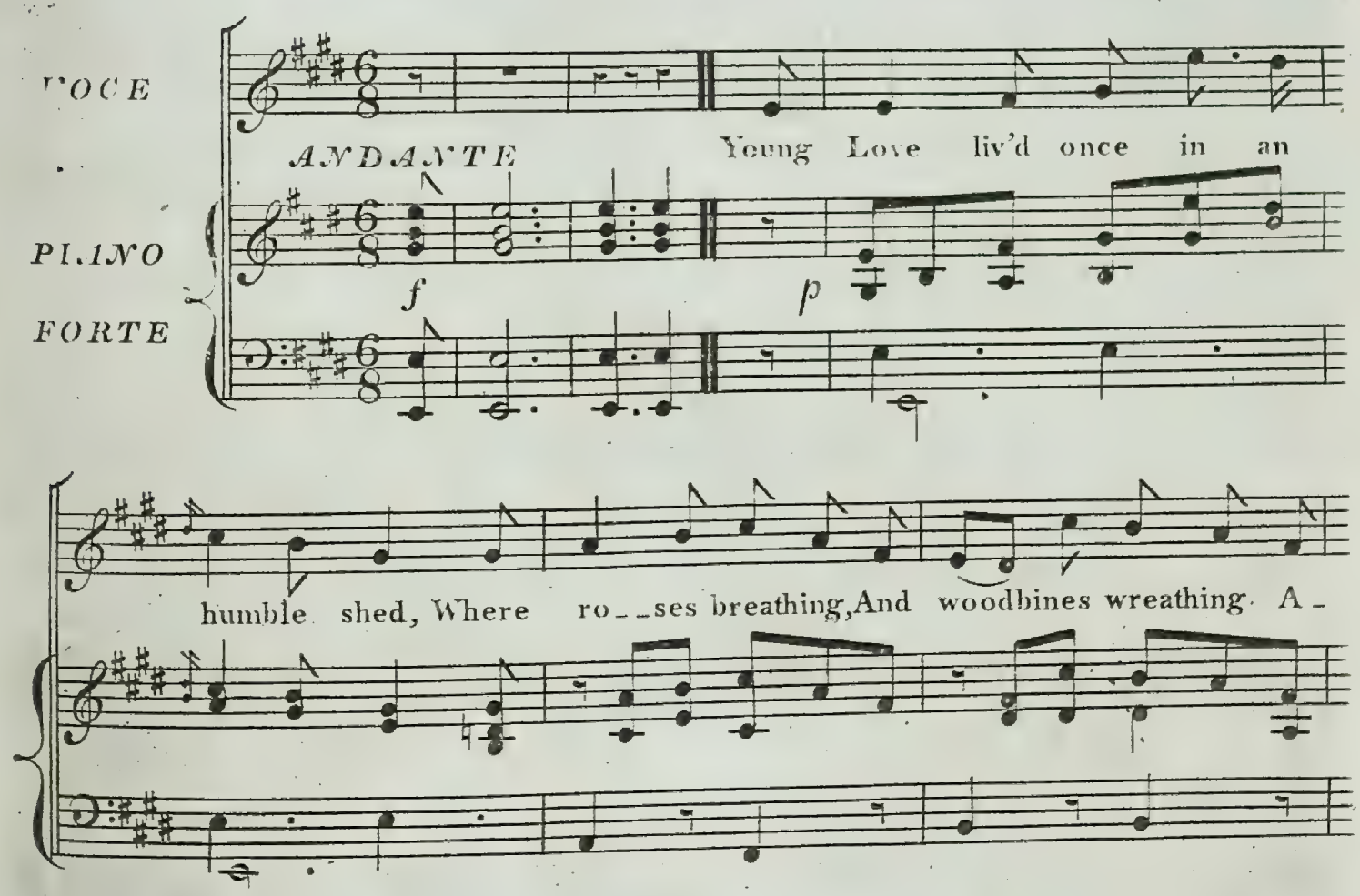
Cano W. Power, 1, Westmerland-Stred, Dublin.

Pamphlet
Box 65/17

Young Love

Music & Words by Thos. Moore Esq.



4

round the lattice their tendrils spread, As wild and sweet as the

life he led. His gar_den flourish'd, For young Hope nourish'd The

in_fant buds with beams and show'rs; But lips tho blooming must

still be fed, And not e'en Love can live on flow'rs.

f

2d. VERSE.

A - - - las! that Po - - ver - ty's e - - - vil eye Should

p

e'er come hi - ther, Such sweets to wither! The flow'rs laid down their

heads to die, And Hope fell sick, as the witch drew nigh. She

came one morn_ing, Ere Love had warn_ing, And

rais'd the latch, where the young god lay; "Oh ho!" said Love, - is it

your good bye;" So he oped the window, and flew a_way!

f

A Catalogue of Music.

Composed by

THOS. MOORE, ESQ.R & SIR J. STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.

Published by J. Power, 21, Strand, London, and W. Power, 5, Westmerland Street, Dublin.

SONGS

Away with this Pouting	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma	1	6
Ah! what Woes are mine to bear	2	6
Be gay, be gay	2	0
Come take the Harp	2	0
Can I again that firm confide	1	6
Cease, oh, cease to love me	2	0
Cease not yet sweet Maid	2	0
Come tell me, says Rosa	1	6
Did not	1	6
Does the Harp of Rosa slumber	1	6
Fanny dearest	2	0
Friend of my soul	1	6
If from the World I'd Fly	1	6
Farewell Peffe	1	6
For her I die	1	6
Fanny was in the Grove	1	0
Good Night	2	0
Here, in this lone little Wood	2	0
Here's the Flower	2	0
Hushd be that sigh	1	6
I'm wearing away	2	0
I swear by that Eye	1	0
If thou to love thee be criminal	2	0
I can no longer stifle	1	0
Light sounds the Harp	2	6
Love in a storm	1	6
Love's Eve	1	0
Love's light Summer-Cloud	2	0
Mary I believed thee true	1	0
Oh! come, sweet Lais!	2	0
Oh, Liberty!	2	0
Oh! why should I complain!	2	0
O! whilst in life our sadden'd us	1	0
O! list unto my tale of Woe	1	6
O! sweet Rosa	2	0
Oh, thou dearest Ellen!	2	0
Sweet Sal'mer	1	6
Sweet Minstrel sing	1	6
Sweet lady look not thus again	2	0
Send the Bowl round	1	0
Stay love, Moment stay!	2	0
That Sh'd'ream! say is he	1	6
The Day of Love	2	0
The blue eyed Maid	1	6
The wreath you wore	1	6
There's the Flower	1	6
To Julia Weeping	1	0
The Maid of Mantivale	2	0
Thyrsis	1	6
To the Brook & the Willow	1	0
The Maid whose heart	2	0
Take back the sigh	2	0
The Hour of Victory	1	6
The Lottery	2	0
Take fate, my Girl	1	6
The Trumpet of Glory	2	0
What's life unblest with love	1	0
When time who steals	2	0
Will thou say farewell love	2	0
When midst the gay I meet	2	0
Whilst I listen to the Voice	2	0
Will you come to the Bower	1	0

DUETS

Lass! more Lass!	1	6
Imperial to Graces	1	0
Dress the Page	1	6
Days that are past, fare thee well	2	0
Edmund of the Hill	1	6
Love me, Mary dwells with	2	0
Never shall my soul forget	2	0
Spirit of Love	2	0
Tell me where is fancy	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	1	6
The Catherine	2	0
Where is the life from Lucia fled	2	0

GLEES

A fine Day	1	6
I'll [illegible] Poor Soul	3	0
[illegible]	1	0
[illegible]	1	0
Oh! Lady fair	3	0
Oh! stay sweet Maid	3	0
Oh! [illegible]	2	6
Blest were the days	2	0
Cease not yet, sweet Maid	2	0
[illegible]	2	6
Love's the Snare	2	6
Love's the Snare, Eugenia's Story	3	0
Closed not Eyes	2	0
Now let the Harper wake	2	6
Now the Shower's Day is high	3	0
Now is the Merry month of May	3	0
Sweet lady look not thus	3	0
Sweet Maid, if thou wilt be my	2	0
Sweet lady look not thus	3	0
Sweet lady look not thus	3	0
Sweet Maid, if thou wilt be my	2	0
To the Brook & the willow	2	0
The fairy Elves	3	0
The Lovers	3	0
Under the Garnered tree	2	0
Where shall the Lover rest	2	6
Then love who sends	2	6

A Selection of Irish Melodies		
with Symphonies and Accompts.		
by Sir John Stevenson Mus. Doc.		
and Characteristic Words by		
Thos. Moore Esq.R	No. 1	15 0
Ditto D.	No. 2	15 0
Ditto D.o	No. 3	15 0
Ditto D.o	No. 4	15 0
A Melologue upon National Music		3 0
M.P. an Opera in 3 Acts		25 0
Dialogue of D.o		2 6

13

"CORALIE."

Ballad,

Sung by

Miss Woodyatt & Mr Wilson,

AND ALSO BY

Mr Henry Phillips.

THE MUSIC

Composed and respectfully Dedicated

TO HIS PUPIL,

Miss Eliza Margaret Freethick,

BY

JOHN PARRY, JUNR.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

LONDON,

Published by CHARLES OLLIVIER, *Music & Musical Instrument Seller, 41, New Bond Street.*

ISMA 167155
D1485/18

"CORALIE,"

John Parry, Junr.

(Ranz des Vaches.) ad lib:

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.

f Ped p p pp Ped p

A Tempo.

mf p cres: ten?

Soft is the ge_nial breath of morn, And

dim: pp p legato. Ped

sweet the strains of warbling birds; Sweet the merry rus_tic's horn, So

wel.....come to his low.....ing herds.

mf

ritard: Clear the crys.....tal moun...tain stream, Which

f *p* *p* *legato.* *cres:* *f*

ritard: Ped ..... *pp* *

thro' our peace...ful val.....ley flows, And soft...ly sweet the

p *p*

ritard: *ad lib:* *ad lib:*

sunny beam, That gilds the vast e.....ter....nal snows!.....But

colla voce.

ah! more sweet, more dear to *me*, The soft ton'd voice of

p

Cor-----a---lie! But ah! more sweet, more dear to *me*, The

p *ritard:* *pp*

soft ton'd voice of Cor---a---lie! Cor---a---lie! Cor---a---lie! The

p *p ritard* *pp a tempo*

ritard: Ad lib:

soft ton'd voice of Cor----a--lie!

(Ranz des Vaches.)

a tempo.

colla voce. *Lento.* *pp* *diminuendo.* *ppp*

Ped

2nd VERSE.

Soft is the balmy breath of eve, When sets the gold___en orb of day;

legato *p*

Sweet while on the calm Geneve, To watch its last re___ce__ding ray.

dim: *dim:*

Soft is the sil__v'ry moonbeams light, That

ritard: *ritard:* *mf* *f* *p* *pp* *p legato* *cres:* *f*

plays up__on the bil__low's crest; Sweet the tranquil hour of night, When

p *p*

p *ad lib:*

all is hush'd and lull'd to rest..... But ah! more soft, more

colla voce. *p*

p

sweet to *me,* The charming voice of COR___A__LIE! But ah! more soft, more

p *ritard* *pp*

sweet to *me,* The charming voice of COR___A__LIE.— COR___A__LIE!

p *p* *p*

ad lib:

COR__A LIE, The charming voice of COR_____A___LIE.

lento

colla voce. *ppp* *dim:*

Ped *

Three Songs, and ONE DUETT, for the Voice and Piano Forte.

Composed by

G. QUILICI.

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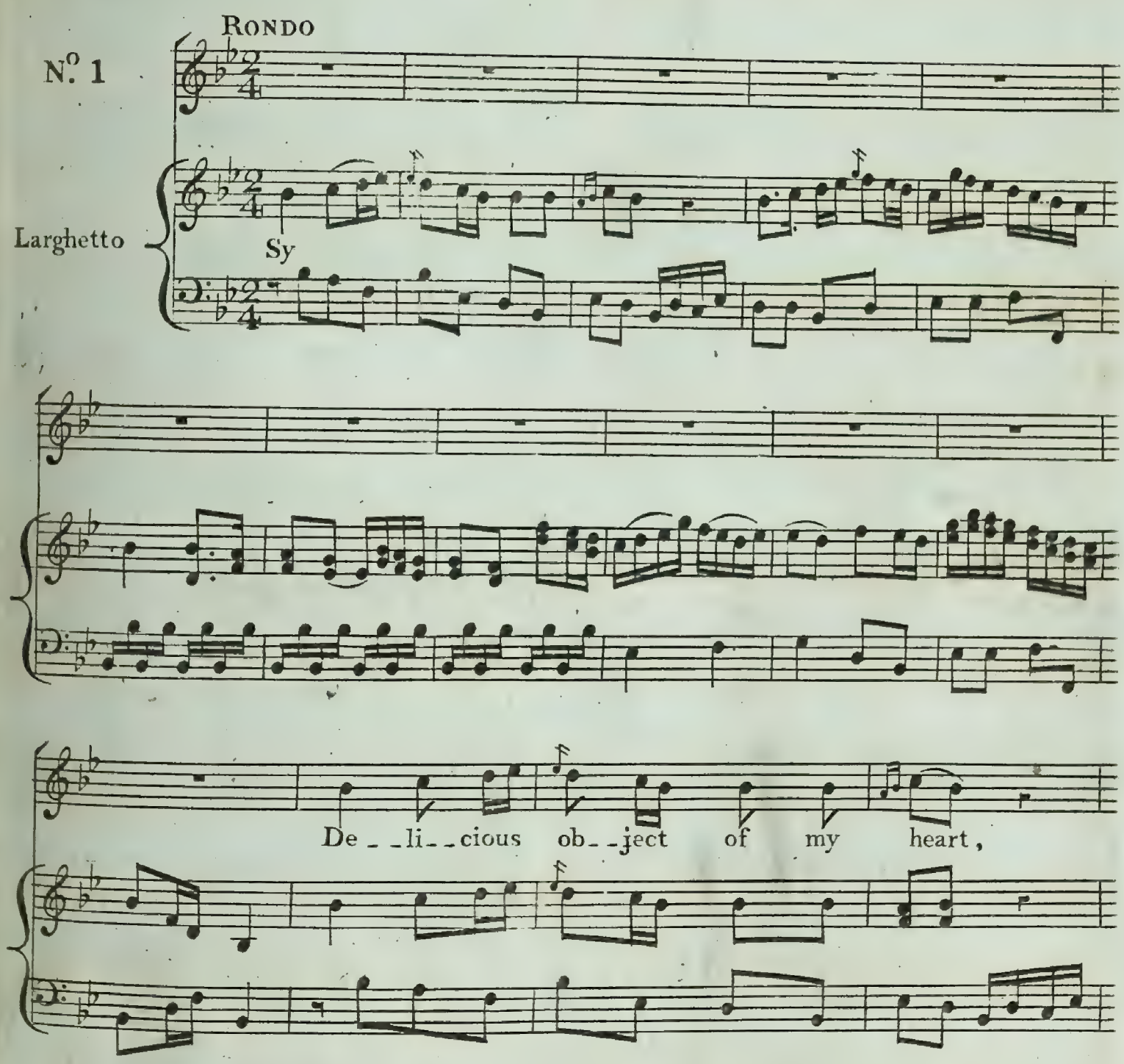


Quilici

faithful my love is fixt like fate, from thee where I consent to

part, my own ex_istance I must hate, dry up thy tears thy fear con=

=troul, deprivd of thee I lose my soul, depriv'd of thee I lose my

soul de_licious ob_ject of my heart, faithful my love is fixt like fate I

love by day, I sigh by night in all my dreams I think of thee,

Quilici

when thou art absent there's no light, no bliss remains for me no

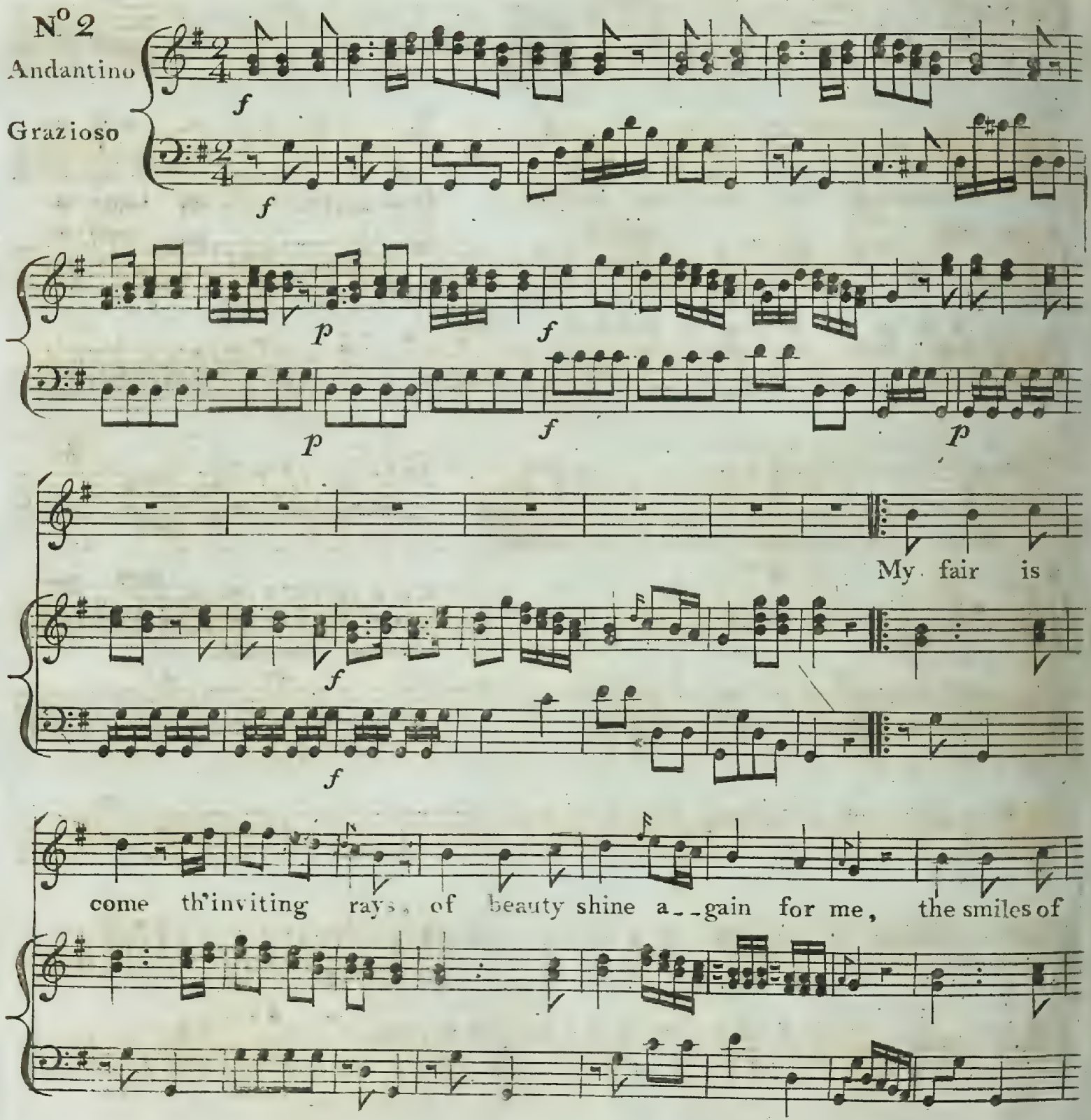
bliss remains for me for me de_licious ob_ject of my

heart, faithful my love is fixt like fate, from thee where I consent to

part, my own ex_istance I must hate my own ex_istance I must hate my own ex-

-istance I must hate.

Quilici


N° 2
Andantino
Grazioso
f
f
p
f
p
f
p
My fair is
f
f
come th'inviting rays, of beauty shine a__gain for me, the smiles of

Qu'ici

love while she dis - - plays, from anxious cares my heart is free,

shesmiles of love while she displays, from anxious cares my heart is

free, from anxious cares my heart - - - - - - - - is

free.

p *f*

Quilici

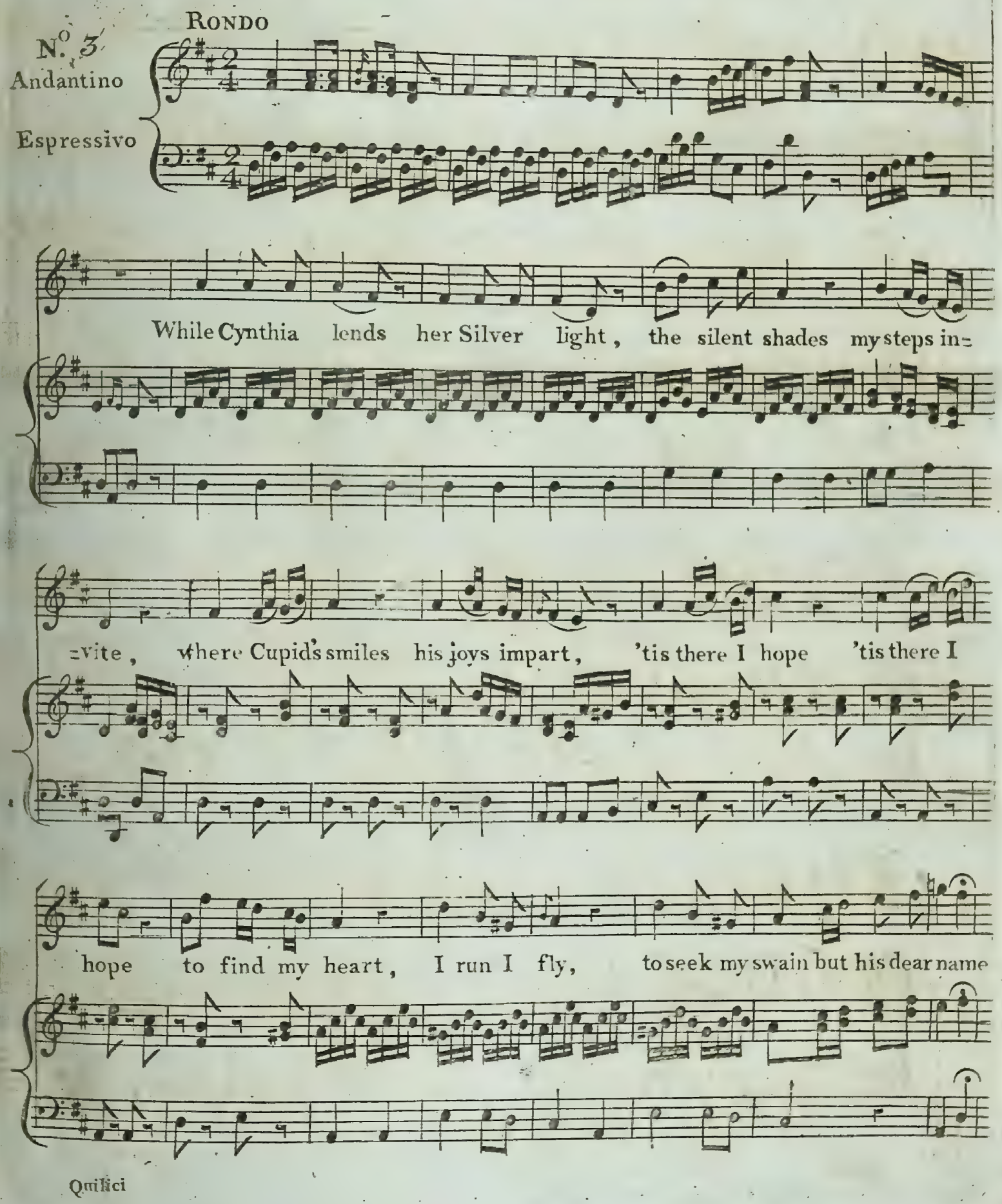
Her absence a distract_ing woe, with gloomy thoughts for e'er com=

=bind, veils ev'ry joy bid an_guish grow, and plants a dag_ger

in my mind, veils ev'ry joy bid an_guish grow, and plants a

dagger in my mind and plants a dagger in my mind.

Dal Segno


N.o 3
Rondo
Andantino
Espressivo
While Cynthia lends her Silver light, the silent shades my steps in=
=vite, where Cupid's smiles his joys impart, 'tis there I hope 'tis there I
hope to find my heart, I run I fly, to seek my swain but his dear name

I call in vain while Cynthia lends her silver light,

the silent shades my steps in-vite I run I fly

to seek my swain, I ask the Nymphs, the haunted grove,

the flowr's the trees, where is my love, I ask the

Quilici

Nymphs where is my Love. While Cynthia lends her sil_ver

light, the si_lent shades my steps in_ _vite,

the rising sigh proclaims my grief, I ask the Nymphs where

is my Love.

Quilici

DUETTO

N.º 4

Larghetto

My passion, is slighted, my sorrow I know my

My passion, is slighted, my sorrow I know my

sorrow I know, the Tyrant, your cruelty, I could have traced be-

sorrow I know, the Tyrant, your cruelty, I could have traced be-

– – fore, in thy contrac – ted brow, I see un – gratful I see your

– – fore, in thy contrac – ted brow, I see un – gratful I see your

cruelty I could have trace be – fore in thy contracted brow, Tyrant,

cruelty I could have trace be – fore in thy contracted brow, Tyrant,

Tyrant in thy contracted brow in thy contract – ed brow

Tyrant in thy contracted brow in thy contract – ed brow

Quilici

Allegro

While a-bandon'd to des - pair I'll rend my scatter'd hair I'll

While a - bandon'd to des - pair I'll rend my scatter'd hair I'll

Allegro

rend my scatter'd hair thy Soul's repentance too late

rend my scatter'd hair thy Soul's repentance too late

shall pity my fate, shall pi - ty my fate, un - grateful, your

shall pity my fate, shall pi - ty my fate, un - grateful, your

Quilici

cruelty I'll rend my scatter'd hair Ty - - rant shall pi - ty my

cruelty I'll rend my scatter'd hair Ty - - rant shall pi - ty my

fate, shall pi - ty my fate, shall pi - ty my fate.

fate, shall pi - ty my fate, shall pi - ty my fate.

To Madame T. Labache
With the Wd of J. St Leger's compts

20

"'TWAS HERE THE SUMMER BREEZE WAV'D BY,"

A Ballad

SUNG BY

Madame Balfe, also by Miss Birch.

COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED

TO

Miss Barfoot,

of Medley House Hampshire.

By

S. Jauetta St. LEGER.

Composer of Distant home, The Jewelled Bracelet &c.

Entd at Stn Hall.

Price 2s

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S. L.

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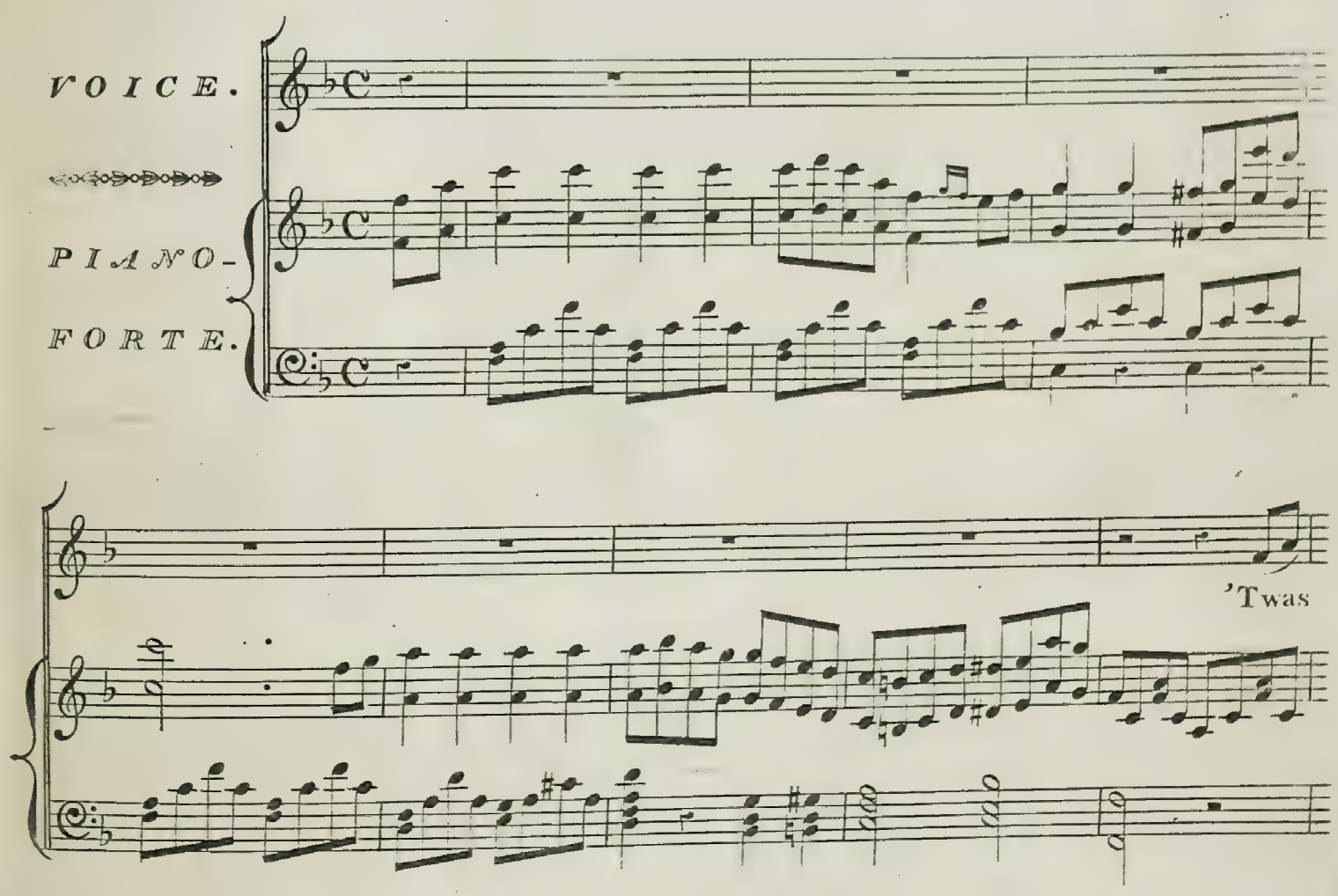
'TWAS HERE THE SUMMER BREEZE WAFT'D BY.

COMPOSED BY

S.J. St. LEGER.



here the summer breeze wav'd by, When we our vows ex-chang'd 'Twas

here love breath'd its deep-est sigh, As o'er the heath we

rang'd; 'Twas here the light of youth-ful bliss, Fill'd

eye and soul and heart, And whisper'd in a world like this, We

ne---ver more could part. And whisper'd in a

world like this We never more could part.

Twas

here I mark'd each ling'ring trace Of life's de-part-ing ray, I

bent a---bove his pal---lid face, Thro' ma-ny an an--guish'd

day; Twas here I smooth'd his fa--ding cheek, I

caught his par--ting breath, And wept up-on the heather bleak, Be-

-side mide own in death. And wept up--on the

rall: - - - - - - - - -

hea--ther bleak, Be-side mine own in death.

Mrs Whiting

21

I COULD WEEP TO HEAR THEE SING,

Song, to Lina,

The Poetry by Goethe,

The English Words by J. W. THIRLWALL,

at the Theatres Royal, Sung by and at the Public & Nobilities Concerts.

MISS POOLE,

and respectfully dedicated to her,

WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT *for the*

Piano Forte,

BY

JOHANN SCHMIDT.

Author of "The Mendicant,"_"Wert thou a rose,"_"Serenade to Emma," &c.&c.

Price 2/6

Ent. Sta. Hall.

London, Published (for the Author) by

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TO LINA.

AN LINA by GOETHE.

The English Words by J.W.THIRLWALL. Composed by JOHANN SCHMIDT.

ANDANTE CANTABILE. (♩-92.)

PIANO-FORTE.

p con espressione.

rall?

Sotto voce.

I could weep to hear Thee sing, Tho' thy sweet voice enchants my soul,

Lieb - chen, kom - men die - - se Lie - - der je - mals wie - der dir zur Hand,

p

Time sweeps on with envious wing, And soon shall seas be - tween us roll.

sit - - - ze beim Kla - - vie - - re nie - - der, wo der Freund sonst bei dir stand.

Should those songs then meet your view, Your white hand o'er the
Lass die Sai - - ten rasch er - klin - gen und dann sieh in's

ff *p*

strings must stray, Your white hand o'er the strings must stray. . . . . .
Buch hin - - ein; und dann sieh in's Buch hin - - ein. . . . . .

rall. *fp*

Read not, love but sing as now, And think one friend is
nur nicht le - - sen! im - - - mer singen, im - mer singen und ein je - des, je - des

p

far a - way. Read not, love but sing, but sing as now And
Blatt ist dein! nur nicht le - - - sen im - - - mer sin - gen, im - - mer

think one friend is far a_way.
sin_gen und ein je_des, je_des Blatt ist dein.

sempre legato.

Meno mosso.

Tho' the chair stands emp_ty by, Where
Ach', wie trau_rig sieht in Lettern

p *meno mosso.*

I so oft have sat by thee,_ Tho' no fond glance meet thine eye, Oh
schwarz auf weiss, das Lied mich an, das aus dei_nem Mund vergöttern,

fp *p* *fp*

wake this me_mo_ry of me! Oh wake this me_mo_ry of me!
das ein Herz zer_reis_sen kann, das ein Herz zer_reis_sen kann!

p

Oh wake this mem'ry, this
Ach wie trau_rig_ sieht das

memory of me. . . Oh! . . Love should those songs then meet your view Your
Lied mich an O! Liebchen, Lieb_chen kom_men die_se Lie_der

fp *p*

white hands o'er the strings must stray Read not, love but
je_mals wie_der dir zur Hand, zur Er_in_rung

I.S.

sing, oh sing as now, And think one Friend is far a_way.
sing sie wie_der, an den Freund, an den Freund im fer_nen Land.

fp *rall:* *fp* *p*

one Friend is far a_way. Oh! read not,
an den Freund sing die Lie_der. an den Freund, an den

love but sing as now, And think one
Freund im fer_ _ _ _nen Land, an den Freund, an den

Friend is far. . . . is far a_way!
Freund im fer_ _ _ _ _ _nen Land.

legato con espressione.

p e marcato. *pp*

Mr Whiting

Third Edition.

WERT THOU A ROSE,

Ballad,

with an Accompaniment for the

PIANO FORTE,

as sung by the Author at

VAUXHALL GARDENS,

in a Concert

(composed expressly by himself,) in which he performed on

NINE DIFFERENT INSTRUMENTS.

The Words by

J. W. THIRLWALL,

and most Respectfully Dedicated

TO

Mrs. Morris,

(RETREAT, BATTERSEA.)

BY

JOHANN SCHMIDT.

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THE MENDICANT BALLAD, — I COULD WEEP TO HEAR THEE SING

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WERT THOU A ROSE.

Written by J.W. THIRLWALL. Composed by JOHAN: SCHMIDT.

MODERATO.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

ff fp p

Young El - len sat beneath a shade, An arbour

fp p fp

wreath'd of Roses made; The summer there with la - vish

f

hand, Gave odours sweet and bree - - zes bland. One fresh blown

p tenuto. fp pp

Rose caught Ellen's eye So passion - less and pure its dye

mf mf mf p

ALLEGRETTO.

accel - - - - - - - *leran* - - - - - *do* *rallant.º*

I wish I were that Rose she sigh'd I wish I were that Rose she sigh'd.

pp *accel* - - - - - - *leran* - - - - - *do.* *rallant.º* *pp*

MODERATO.

f

Her lo_ver heard, and thus . . . . . re_plied.

ff *f* *attacca.*

ANDANTE CANTABILE.
sotto voce.

Wert thou a Rose I could not bear to see thy beauty fade, My

pp

heart would break to see each leaf, Drop si_lent in the shade: 'Twould

be a pang to see the sun, Gain one kind look from thee, Or

fp *p* *p*

soft gale kiss that soft_er cheek, Or ho_ney rifling Bee.

fp *p* *ritenuto.*

Nor

espressivo.

would I pluck thee from the stem, To wi_ther on my breast, But

p

on thy blushing cheek I'd be, A dew drop there to rest. And

when thy sil_ken leaves should close, As night's dark shadows spread, I'd

p *p*

rall?

wake and watch the live-long night, A_bove thy drooping head. . .

fp *fp* *p* *tenuto.*

Più Animato.

And

when the radiant locks of morn, Stream'd o'er the East_ern hill. . . And

mf

nature's ma_ _tin song a_ _rose, From grove, from plain and rill .... Then

Dim.

as thy beauteous face should turn, All grate_ ful to the sky, ... Dis_

fp *p* *p*

solv'd in beams, I'd soar from Earth, Thus lost in rap_ ture die! ...

ritard.

fp *fp*

ritard.

Dol. *Dim:*

marcato e Sostenuto.

rall.o